The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Written by John A. Rittinger



Part Four

1913-1915

Compiled by Kevin A. Martin

03/07/2025

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Introduction:

This volume will not include the general introduction to the author, the column, or the newspapers that the column appeared in. If you wish to read information on any of these topics, they are located in the introduction to Volume 1. This text will continue with *The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.* from the year 1913 to the year 1915. Some letters will have additional forms found in the earlier 1920s reprint in the *Kitchener Daily Record* rather than just the 1960s reprint in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 2. Tschänuäry 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Ich denk, du weescht ah aus Expirienz, dasz noch ehre Schprie immer der Katzejammer kummt; awer net juscht noch ehre Schprie, ah noch der Halledähs macht als die Krankert ihr Aeppierenz, die dann awer moralischer Katzejammer ghesze werd.

In der Halledähs duht ma sich manchmol der Mage net allenig mit zu viel oder zu wenig Drinkers verderwe, ma eszt ebmols ah zu viel, was ah net grad arig gsund for die Konstituschen sei soll. Temperet in all Dings, is mei Motto, juscht Schad, dasz du 's so oft vergesse duscht!

* * *

Aenyhow, ich un die Särah wore am Neijohr bei's Grumbierepannekuchephilips zum Middagesse, eiglade, un do hot sie schun um 9 Uhr agfange sich zu dresse. Erscht hot sie mit ihrer poor Hoor, wo sie noch uf em Kopp hot, gschtert, und sich die noch derer neier Fäschen wie Schneckenudel iwer die Ohre geturnt.

Sell is schee, hab ich bei mir selwert gedenkt, jetzt kann doch kenn Mann meh kicke, wann ihn sei Fraa net heere duht. Sell is sertenly en armer Exkuhs, for sie hen ah net geheert, wie sie alle zwee Ohre noch uff ghat hen . . . sell heeszt, was sie heere welle, sell heere sie schun, sell hen sie friher gheert und heere sie ah heit noch.

Die Weibsleit, die Weibsleit! Wie schee kennte mir Menner 's doch uf der Welt hawe, wann's kenn Weibsleid gewe deht! Ne, sell is vielleicht nau doch en wenig zu viel gsagt: Gege die Weibsleid in Kammen hen mir Menner nix, juscht gege des Weibsmensch, gege das ehnt, was grad häppend ehm sei Fraa zu sei. Die Schtadtleid jammere immer in ehnem fat iwer die deihrer Fleeschpreise, sie denke awer net drah, dasz mir for's erscht Rippeschtick am deiherschter hen bezahle misse.

Wie die Särah dann uffgedreszt wor, un ihrer Worz uf der Naas mit Wildgansgensfett un Mehl gekovert ghat hot, so dasz sie, (ich mehn die Worz un net die Särah) wie en Aff uff ehme Kamehl ausgeguckt hot, sin mir fat gfohrer.

* * *

Wie mir zu 's Grumbierpannekuchephilips kumme sin, hen mir ausgfunne, dasz ihrer ganze acht Kinner am Kalt un am Schnuppe sufferer dihn. Es wor nix wie en Gehuscht un en Gegautz un allegebot hen sie sich mit em Aermel 's Licht gebutzt.

Mir wor der Abbedit zum Esse vergange un die Särah hot ah net grad arig schlimm neigepitscht, bis der Pudding kumme is, an dem sie sich die Kitz gschtoppt hot. Noch em Esse, hot sie die Grumbierpannekuchephilipsin gefrogt, was sell dann egentlich for en Pudding wor, un do hot sie gsagt:

"Well, Misses Klotzkopp," hot sie gsagt, "sell wor en Brodpudding. You sieh, sidder die Kinner 's Kalt so schlimm hen, hen sie ken rechter Abbedit, un do geb ich ihne hi un doh als en Schtick Brod with Latwerg druf; sie nehme awer juscht als en poor Beisz un schmeisze 's dann weg. Sell Brod duh ich dann als zsammelese, weechs in Milch ei, duh noch Zucker, Knowlich, Muschgatnusz, Rosiner, Zwiweler un gmahlener Zimmet nei, backs en hulwe Schtund lang, und sell wor der Pudding, wo du alleweil gesse hoscht!"

* * *

Well, Mister Glockemann, um en lange Schtori korz zu mache, die Särah hot sich der Eckel gholt un suffert jetzt widder an all ihrer alde Kamplehnts. Ihrer Lewer is aus Tschoint un ihrer Kropf am Hals is about zweemol fun seiner nätscherel Seis. Enigerweg, heit Nomidag hot sie so gekreckst un en Weses gemacht, dasz mir's schur Angscht und Bang worre is. Sie hot gmehnt, dasz sie so en Sohrt fun ehre Eidie hot, dasz sie nimme lang zu lewe het. Sie hot gheilt wie en Gerwerhund un gsagt, es wer doch zu schlimm, dasz sie vielleicht ah mol schterwe miszt.

Sie is schur, dasz wann sie doht is, sie uf em Bändwager mit vier weisze Geil schnurschtracks owernaus fliegt, awer sie hot doch gmehnt, ich sott emol for der Doktor in der Neischtadt schicke, net dasz sie sich viel aus em Schterwe mache deht, es wär juscht for mei Seek, dasz sie am Lewe bleiwe mecht, do ich dann niemand het, der noch mir guckt.

Ich hab gsagt, "Särah, duh mich net widder exseite, es is jo possible (was mir awer net hoffe welle), dasz du noch lenger lebscht wie ich."

"Ne," hot sie gmehnt, "sell glahb ich härly, die anner Nacht, wie 's Vollmond wor, hot unser Hund der Danger, un 's Grundsaujergs groher Kater so arig gheilt, ah ehns fun der Hammlin hot so ferchterlich gebrillt, un sell mehnt immer, dasz widder emol ebber in der Nochborschaft schterwe musz."

* * *

Ich hab ihr dann en poor Baldriandroppe uf Buschzucker gewe un dann is sie ah en wenig ruhiger wore.

"Joe," hot sie dann noch erre Weil gsagt, "was mich baddere duht, is, wann ich un du doht sin, wer 's Gras fun unserer Grewer halte duht?"

"Well, Särah," hab ich gänsert, "sell is iesy, for wann die Fens um der Kerchhof net in guter Ripehr is, besorge sell Bisnesz vielleicht die Kih fun der Baurer, die in der Nochborschaft wuhne!"

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKIPP, Esq.

NB—Der Schmalz braucht net zu denke, dasz er jetzt, wo er nimme Majohr is, mit mir duh kann, wie er will. Do am Krischdag hab ich en Parsel fun ihm kriegt un wie ich dann zum Loui kumme bin, wor der Handkehsmichel, der Bohnerkreitelsepp, der Dampfnudelkaschper, der roth Hannes un der Filzschuhpeter dort. Ich hab mit meim Present gebräckt un sie hen mir kenn Ruh glosse, bis ich 's uffgmacht hab. Un was denkscht du was drin wor?

En Wandkalender, en Box Schtiffelwicks, en Block Tschahduwack, un en Bichle fun ehme Berliner Quäckdoktor, wo drin schteht, dasz wann ma en Schnapsnaas in der Fämily hot, kennt ma for $5 en Remedy kriege, wo aus ehme schwarze Schof, uhne dasz es selwert merkt, en schneeweiszer Unschuldsesel mache deht, der dann juscht noch Wasser sauft un von jedem Schnaps en Horror kriegt. Do hen die Kerls awer glacht un sich mit der Elleboge in die Rippe gschtumbt un hen gedenkt, sie kennte sich uf mei Expens die Gurgeler ausschwenke, was awer net der Kehs wor. Ich hab mir for 5 Sents werth Wermuthschnaps gewe losse un bin heem.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J.K. Esq.

Neustadt, January 2, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

I imagine that you also know from experience that a hangover always follows a drinking bout, but not only after a drinking bout, but this sickness also makes its appearance after the holidays, when it usually evokes a pious resolution to mend our ways.

In the holidays you often spoil your stomach not only by drinking too much or too little, you often eat too much too, which is not supposed to be particularly good for the constitution. Be temperate in everything, is my motto, it is too bad that you so often forget to follow that rule!

Anyhow, I and Sarah were invited to Potato-pancake Philip's place for New Year's dinner, and for that she already began to dress at 9 o'clock. She started first of all with the few hairs that she still has on her head, and turned them over her ears in the new style like snail noodles.

* * *

That is fine, I thought to myself. Certainly no husband can kick if his wife doesn't hear him. That is, of course, a poor excuse, for they don't hear them either, when they have both ears open . . . that is, what they want to hear, they naturally hear. They heard it earlier and they still hear it today.

Womenfolk! Womenfolk! How beautiful we men could have it on this earth if only there were no women! Well, that may be putting it on a little too thick. Against women in general we men have nothing, only against that woman, against the one, who just happens to be your wife. The city people continuously complain about the high meat prices, but they don't realize that we have had to pay the dearest of all for that very first piece of rib.

When Sarah was then finished dressing, and had covered the wart on her nose with wild-goose goose grease and flour, so that it (I mean the wart and not Sarah) looked like a monkey on a camel, we drove away.

* * *

When we got to Potato-pancake Philip's place, we discovered that all of their eight children were suffering from colds and the sniffles. There was nothing but coughing and hacking, and every few minutes they wiped their noses with their sleeves.

My appetite soon left me, and Sarah did not pitch in very eagerly either, until the pudding came, on which she filled up her belly. After dinner she asked Potato-pancake Philip's wife what kind of a pudding it really was.

"Well, Mrs. Klotzkopp," she said, "that was a bread pudding. You see, since the children have such bad colds they haven't a real appetite, so I give them now and then a piece of bread with apple butter. But usually they take only a few bites and then throw it away. I then gather up that bread, soak it in milk, add sugar, garlic, nutmeg, raisins, onions and ground cinnamon, bake it for a half hour, and that was the pudding that you just ate."

* * *

Well, Mister Glockemann, to make a long story short, Sarah got herself a dose of nausea, and is now suffering again from all her old complaints. Her liver is out of joint and the goitre on her neck is about twice its natural size. Anyhow this afternoon she complained and made such a fuss that I certainly was plunged into great trepidation. She said that she had a kind of an idea that she wouldn't hang on much longer. She cried like a beaten dog and said that it was too bad that she would perhaps have to go some day.

She was certain that when she died she would fly straight into heaven on a bandwagon drawn by four white horses. But she said that I should send for the doctor in Neustadt, not that she was so much concerned about dying, she wanted only to remain alive for my sake, as I would have then nobody who would look after me.

I said, "Sarah, don't excite yourself again. It is indeed possible (but we don't want to hope so) that you will outlive me."

"No," she said, "I hardly believe that. The other night, when the moon was full, our dog, Danger, and Groundhog George's grey cat wailed so terribly, and one of the calves mooed so horribly, and that always signifies that it is again somebody's turn in the neighborhood to die."

* * *

I then gave her a few drops of essence of valerian on maple sugar, and then she quietened down a bit.

"Joe," she said after a bit, "what worries me is this: who will mow the grass on our graves when you and I are dead?"

"Well, Sarah," I answered, "that is easy. For if the fence around the cemetery is not in good repair, that business will perhaps be looked after by the cows of the farmers, who live in the neighborhood!"

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—I hope that Mr. Schmalz, since he is no longer mayor, doesn't think he can do with me what he pleases. At Christmastime I got a parcel from him, and when I then got to Louis' (Hotel) Handcheese Mike, Beanstalk Joe, Vermicelli Kasper, Red Jack and Felt-slipper Peter were there. I bragged about my present, and they insisted that I open it. And what do you think was in it?

A wall calender, a box of shoe polish, a plug of chewing tobacco, and a little book by a Berlin quack doctor, in which it says that if you have a whisky soak in the family, you can get a remedy for $5 which can make a snow white innocent donkey out of a black sheep without the sheep noticing it, which then drinks only water and has a real horror of any whisky. But then the fellows laughed, nudged each other, and thought that they could rinse out their gullets at my expense, but that was not the case. I ordered five cents worth of vermouth and went home.

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

Canadian Stabbed By Brazil Bandits

RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil (AP)—Daniel Pinard, 28, son of a former Canadian secretary of state, was ambushed by bandits on a lonely mountain road near here this week and was stabbed in the back. An official of the Canadian embassy who visited Pinard Friday said he should leave hospital in a few days. Pinard is the son of Roch Pin-

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 31. Tschänuäry 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Der Lahmhengschtdreiwer un sei Frah hen der anner Dag so en Räcket un Feiht ghat, dasz die scheel Kathrine am neckschte Morger riwer kumme is, um bei mir, in meiner Käpäsite als Mägistret un Pandschtallhalter, en Kamplehnt for Dämätsches gege ihrer Mann zu ladscher. Ich hab die Summons rausgschriwe un der Grundsaujerg, unser Kunschtawler un Detektiv, hot sie geserft.

Die Kohrt wor geschter Nomidag im Loui seine Hall in der Neischtadt, die so gekraut voll wor, dasz sie mit der Fiesz zu der Fenschterer nausghange sin. Um 2 Uhr hab ich mei Brill gebutzt un ufgsetzt, dann mit meim Umbrell uf der Disch geklobbt und grufe: "I want Silence in der Kohrt."

* * *

Dodruf kreischt der alt Schtoffel, der Grundsaujerg, der gmehnt hot, sell wär en Witnesz, "der Silenz soll ruffkumme, sunscht arrest ich ihn im Name fum Kenig!" Die Kraut hot dodruf so getschiert, dasz ich gedroht hab, die Kohrt Ruhm klierer zu losse, wann sie sich net beheefe, wie sich 's for loyal britische Subjekter basser duht.

Well, die Fäkts fun den Kehs worre simple die: Die Kathrine hot gschworer, ihrer Alter het ihr im Dussel der Holzschlegel an der Kopp gschmisse, un sie wott jetzt fat fun ihm, un er soll ihr Dämätsches bezahle. Dodruf hi hot der Lahmhengschtdreiwer gsagt, sell wer en miserawliche Lieg, un es wär juscht en Schpreizle Holz gweszt, mit dem er sie gekitzelt het.

Aenyhow, wie ich dann die ganz Evidens ufgnumme ghat hab, hab ich mei Dissischun gewe un gsagt:

"Misses Hengschtdreiwer," hab ich gsagt, "unnig der britisch Lah kann en Frah fun ihrem Mann kenn Dämätsches kollekter, weil Mann un Frah ehn Leib sinn, kansequently sin sie ah for der Kohrt ehn Person. Sell is doch so klohr wie Klohsbrieh, dasz Ehner sich net selwert schuher kann, un fun sich selwert kenn Schadeersatz kollekter kann, wann er sich selwert en Schade angeduh hot. Grad so gut kennt sich der Lahmhengschtdreiwer en poor Ohrfeige gewe, for die Kohrt geh un sich selwert wege kerperliche Inschuries schuher. Sell deht doch net geh, dasz ma ihn dann for $1 un die Koschter feiner kennt!

* * *

Dessetwege kann en Mann sei Frah verhaue soviel wie er will, er musz juscht dafor ausgucke, dasz er sie in seiner Freid net glei ganz dohtschlagt, bikahs dann is der Kehs widder ganz annerscht, dann heere die Beede uf emol uf ehn Leib zu sei, do sie dann en lewige un en dohter Leib sin, un kansequently musz der lewig for den dohter sufferer un am Hals ufghengt werre, bis er ah doht is. Des is doch ganz kloor un leicht zu versteh.

Ich will awer doch an der Dr. Jamieson, MPP von South Grey, schreiwer, dasz noch en Amendment an die Lah gmacht werd. Die Lah, wie sie jetzt schtheht, is juscht for die Mannsleid gmacht, wo die Lah selwert in die Hand nemme kenne, des heeszt, for Menner wo schtärker sin wie ihre schwechere Helft.

Jetzt nemme mir awer emol en Kehs, wo die Frah die schtärker is, sell kummt sammteins doch ah vor. Nemme mir zum Beischpiel for Instänz ah, dasz der Mann die Schmisz kriegt. Was dann? Dofor musz awer die Lah getschenscht werre. Mir misse en Amendment dazu mache, wo der Frah des Haue iwerhaupt verbiete duht. Der Mann, wo sich gege die Frah net wehre kann, is so wie so schun genug gschlage. So en drauriger Lappel musz protektet werre, sell sin mir unserem Mannsehr schuldig. Mir misse dazu tende, dasz sei mennliche Dickneteh net getotscht werd. Un wann unnig denne Members fun der Legislatschur genug Ehekrippel sin, dann werd die Lah ah getschenscht."

* * *

"Lacht dort hinner juscht net so dreckig; ich hab for der Särah kenn Bang un bin net affrehd . . . awer seef is seef, un ma kann niemols wisse, was ehm im Lewe net noch alles häppener kann."

Ich hab die Lahmhengschtdreiwern dann gesentenst, for die Koschter fun der Kohrt zu bezahler und hab der Kehs dismiszt. Ich sag dir awer, Mister Glockemann, die hot en Gsicht gmacht wie en Katz, wo en lewendiger Maikeffer verschluckt hot.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—Sag em Schmalz, dasz ich sell Remedy fun sellem Berliner Doktor, for's Saufe abzugwener, jetzt schun vier Woche lang juhse duh, un sidder derer ganz Zeit noch kenn Droppe Ratgot oder sogar Cider gsoffe hab. Ich hab for en Fäkt genug Geld gschport, um mir en Dohterlaad mit Bräsz Händels un Bräsz Negel zu kaafe. Du kannscht ihm ah sage, dasz wann ich noch en Munat lang nix sauf, dann kennt ihr Zwee mitnanner ruff kumme, for mich in selle Dohterlaad zu lege. Un ich geb eich ah die Priviletsch, bei der Funeral-Proseschun der "Dead Martsch" zu schpieler, er uf der Drumpet und du mit der Drummel un Deckel.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J.K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Die Särah hot am Sunndag ihrer Gebortsdag geselebretet. Wann sie noch 37 Johr lenger lebt, is sie dann exäktle 102 Johr alt. Sie sagt, wann ebber for sie fiddler deht, kennt sie noch der "Sircäschun Circle" danze.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J.K., Esq.

Neustadt, January 31, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

The Lame Stallion-driver and his wife had such a racket and fight the other day that crooked Catherine came over the next morning to lodge a complaint with me in my capacity as magistrate and pound-keeper for damages against her husband. I wrote out the summons and Groundhog George, our constable and detective, served it.

The court was held yesterday afternoon in Louis' Hall in Neustadt, which was so crowded that they hung with their feet out of the windows. At 2 o'clock I cleaned my glasses and put them on, then knocked with my umbrella on the table and called out: "I want silence in the court."

Thereupon the old nincompoop, Groundhog George, who thought that that was a witness, shouted, "Silence is to come up otherwise I will arrest him in the name of the king." The crowd cheered so loudly that I threatened to clear the courtroom if they didn't behave as is fitting for loyal British subjects.

* * *

Well, the facts of the case were simply these: Catherine swore that her old man in a drunken fit threw the wooden mallet at her head, and that she now wanted to leave him and he should pay her damages. To that the Lame-Stallion-driver said that it was a miserable lie, and that it was just a little sprig of wood with which he had tickled her.

Anyhow when I had heard the whole evidence, I gave the decision:

"Mrs. Stallion-driver," I said, "under British law a wife cannot collect from her husband, because man and wife are one body, consequently they are also one person as far as the court is concerned. That is surely as clear as potato soup that a person cannot sue himself and cannot collect any damages from himself when he has done some damage to himself. The Lame-Stallion-driver could just as well give himself a bash on the head then come before the court and sue himself on account of self-inflicted bodily harm. That simply would be impossible that you could fine him $1 plus costs!

* * *

"Therefore a man can beat his wife as much as he wishes, but he must be on the alert that he, in his exuberance, doesn't kill her completely because then the case is again completely different. Then both of them suddenly cease being one body, as they are then one living and one dead body, and consequently the living one must suffer for the dead one and be hanged by the neck until he is dead too. That is surely quite clear and easy to understand.

"Nevertheless I am going to write to Dr. Jamieson, MPP of South Grey, to have an amendment made to the law. The law, as it now stands, is framed only for menfolk who can take the law into their own hands, that is, for men who are stronger than their weaker halves.

"Now let us look at a case where the wife is the stronger one. That happens sometimes. Let's take an example for instance that the husband has gotten a beating. What then? For that reason the law must be changed. We must add an amendment which once and for all prohibits women from striking anyone. The man who can't defend himself against his wife is beaten enough in any case. Such an unfortunate wretch must be protected; we owe that to our masculine honor. We must see to it that masculine dignity will remain unsullied. And if there are enough henpecked husbands among the members of the legislature, then the law will surely be changed."

* * *

"Don't laugh so dirtily there in the rear of the hall; I am not afraid of Sarah and have no fear, but safe is safe and you can never know what things can still happen in your life."

I then sentenced the Lame-Stallian-driver's wife to pay the court costs and dismissed the case. But I tell you, Mister Glockemann, she made a face like a cat that has swallowed a live June bug.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKIPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—Tell Mr. Schmalz that I have been using the remedy to cure tippling already for four weeks and during that whole period I haven't guzzled a drop of rotgut or even cider. I have in fact saved enough money to buy a coffin for myself with brass handles and brass screws.

You can also tell him that if I don't drink anything for another month, then the two of you can come up to put me in the coffin. And I am also giving you the privilege of playing the Dead March in the funeral procession, he with the trumpet and you with the drum and cymbals.

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Sarah celebrated her birthday on Sunday. If she lives another 37 years, she will be exactly 102 years old. She says if someone would fiddle for her, she could still dance the "Circassian Circle."

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

Many May Quit, U.S. Priest Says

PITTSBURGH (AP) — Roman Catholic priests will quit the priesthood in rapidly increasing numbers if they and the laity are not granted more decision - making responsibilities, a priest-author said Fri-



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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 15. Februäry 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Ich wor schun so oft hinnig em derre Schpatzehannes, dasz er die "Glocke" widder beschtelle sott, awer der alt Geizkrippel hot immer die Exquehs, dasz die deitsche Zeidinger zu deiher wäre, sei Kinner nimme gut Deitsch lese kennte, un der Glockemann die englische Leit zu fiel feverer deht.

"Well, Hannes," hab ich gsagt, "seller letscht Point kann ich net recht sehne un deht en Expläneschun zu herre gleiche."

Dodruf mehnt er: "Letscht Summer, wo der Blitz in meim eirischer Nochbor sei Scheier gschlage hot un sie bis uf der Bodder abgebrennt is, sell hot er in seim Worschtbleddel ghat; wie awer mei Frah zwee Woche druf, selle zwee Zwilling kriegt hot, sell hot er net in seim Wisch gebrunge, un dodruf hi hab ich ihm gschriwe, dasz er mei Name auskratze un sei Zeiding in der Schornschtee schtecke sott. Er klehmt, ich wär ihm noch zwee Johr uf die "Glocke" schuldig, awer do meiner Mehning noch die Zeiding nix werth wor, mach ich mir ah kenn Gewisse draus, for ihn net zu bezahler."

* * *

Well, do am Dunnerschtag wor ich dann beim Loui in der Neischtadt, un es hot ah net lang gedauert, bis so noch enanner der derr Schpatzehannes, sei Nochbor, der Dampfnudelkaschper, un der Handkehsmichel rei kumme sin. Nochdem mir so en poor Rifreschmenter zu uns gnumme ghat hen, sagt uf emol der Schpatzehannes:

"Jetzt werd dere miserawliger Blog doch emol en End gmacht werre kenne," un hot dodobei mit ehme Päcket, wo er fun der Poscht gholt ghat hot, juscht so in der Luft rumgefuchtelt.

"Ja, was meehnscht dann eegentlich, du alts Mondkalb?" hab ich gfrogt.

"Well," sagt er, "sidder sellem nasse un feichte Wetter wo mir im Tschänuäry ghat hen, sin die Wanze bei uns im Haus so schlimm un dick worre, dasz 's for en Fäkt härly zu schtände wor, un do hab ich nau kerzlich in meiner englischer Zeiding, wo mich juscht $1.00 's Johr koscht, en Aedferteisment glese, dasz ma for $2.00 en Remedy kriege kennt, was en schure Cure for Wanze un anner derordig Gefrehs wär, wann ma juscht die Direckschuns schtrickt fallerer deht, oder 's Geld bei Return Mehl, mit ehme scheene Chromo, wo "Love your Enemies" un en Kranz mit Rose und Forgetminats, in siwer differenter Kolors druf gedruckt, zurickgschickt werre. Ich hab gschriwe un grad allerweil hab ich des Remedy krigt."

Mir hen dann lang an ihm gebettelt, for sell Parcel doch emol ufzumache, was er dann ah geduh hot, nochdem der Loui sie emol ufgsetzt ghat hot, un was denkscht, was drin wor? Zwee kleene viereckige Peinholzblecklin. Uf dem eente wor gedruckt: "Leg die Wanz do druf!" un uf em annere: "Drick mit dem uf die Wanz bis sie ganz doht is!"

* * *

Do hetscht awer emol der derr Schpatzehannes sehne solle! Er het for en Fäkt in seiner Wuth en Dausend Wanze doht gmacht, wann er sie in der Hand ghat het. Mir hen ihn awer juscht ausglacht un gsagt:

"Des hoscht du fun deiner englischer Zeiding, nemm dir die "Glocke" wie mir ah, dann gehscht du net wie en alter Gimbel uf den Leim, werscht gerobbt un machscht en Fuhl aus dir.

Er hot dann sei $2.00 Holzkletzlin ins Feier gschmisse, hot die englische Zeiding in en Kleimet gewinscht, wo 's sogar Mittel im Winter adlig warm sei soll, un is heem.

Ich will awer doch froh sei, Mister Glockemann, wann des kalt Wetter vorbei is, for ich hab in meim ganz Lewe nachts noch net so fun kalte Fiesz gsuffert, wie den Winter, un ich musz for en Fäkt sage, dasz ich 's letscht Woch manche Nacht härly meh hab schtände kenne. Es deht mich net so viel baddere, wann selle kalte Fiesz mir gheere dehte, awer sie diehn net, sie gheere der Särah, die jeder Owert, wann ich ins Bett kumm, die Fäschen hot, ihre grosze, kalte eirischer Fiesz mir in's Kreiz zu planzer, un sie warm zu mache.

Manche Nacht bin ich schun bis 10 Uhr ufgsotze un hab gedenkt, die Alt schloft ei; awer bis jetzt wor 's mir noch net passebel ins Bett zu schnieke, uhne sie ufzuwecke. Dann sagt sie als, "Nau, Joe, bleib schee ruhig liege, so dasz ich mei arme kalte Fiesz dir ins Kreiz schiewe kann!"

* * *

Die anner Nacht awer bin ich verderbt bees worre un hab gsagt, wann sie ihre daggäschtet kalte Fiesz net fun meim Buckel nemmt, deht ich Hail Columbia reese. Dodruf hot sie afange zu heiler un hot gsagt, dasz jetzt, wo sie alt, schwach un runzlich werd, deht ich sie nimme gleiche.

Um Friede in der Schänte zu halte, hab ich sie widder ihr Weg hawe losse misse. Sie is dann ah so ruhig wie en Bobbie eigschlofe un hot noch 10 Minute gschnarckst, dasz ma gmehnt hot, drunner in der Seegmiehl dehte sie widder knarriche Peinbleck seege. Ich awer hab die ganz Zeit mit denne breete, groszer, langer un kalte Fiesz im Buckel ruhig liege misse, un hab dobei gschnattert un gfrorer wie en gschorener Schofbock.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag em Schmalz, dasz es jetzt ball Frihjohr werd. Der Bohnerkreitelsepp wor geschter bei mir un hot sich en Bottelvoll Wildgansgensfett gholt. Es kriegt jedes Frihjohr Gschwere ins Gnick; des Johr sin sie awer jetzt schun am Kumme, un er sagt, dasz sell en schure Sein is, dasz die Krabbe un 's warm Wetter in der Kerz widder do sei werre.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, February 15, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

I have often been after thin Sparrow-Jack to subscribe for the Glocke again, but the old miser always brings the excuse that the German newspapers were too expensive, that his children could not read German easily anymore and that the Glockemann favored English people too much.

"Well, Jack," I said, "that last point is not clear to me, and I would like to hear an explanation."

To that he said: "Last summer when lightning struck the barn of my Irish neighbor and burned it to the ground, that was reported in his miserable rag. When however, my wife two weeks later had her twins, he didn't put that in his paper. It was then that I wrote him that he should strike out my name and jump into the lake with his newspaper. He claims that I still owed him for the Glocke for two years, but since according to my opinion, the paper was not worth anything, I am not troubling my conscience about not paying him."

* * *

Well, on Thursday I was at Louis' Hotel in Neustadt, and it wasn't long before thin Sparrow-Jack, his neighbor, Vermicelli Casper, and Hand-cheese Mike came in. After we had consumed a few refreshments, Sparrow-Jack suddenly said:

"Now we can finally make an end to this miserable plague," and at the same time waved a package around in the air which he had gotten at the post-office.

"Well, what do you really mean, you old dolt?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "since that wet and damp weather which we had in January the bed-bugs have gotten so bad and thick at our place that it was in fact almost impossible to bear. Now a short time ago I read in my English newspaper, which costs me only $1 per year, an advertisement that for $2 you can get a sure remedy for bed-bugs and other vermin of that sort. All you have to do is follow the directions strictly, or you get your money back with a beautiful color print, on which "Love Your Enemies" was printed in seven different colors, and a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots. I wrote and just now I got the remedy."

We begged him for a long while to open that parcel and this he then did, after Louis had set them up once, and what do you think was in it? Two small rectangular pine blocks. On the one was printed: "Put the bed-bug on this one!" and on the other: "Press with this one on the bed-bug until it is completely dead!"

* * *

You should have seen Sparrow-Jack at that moment! In his rage he could have killed a thousand beg-bugs if he had had them in his hand. But we simply laughed at him and said:

"That's what you get from your English newspaper, take the Glocke as we do, then you won't be bamboozled, be robbed and made a fool of."

He then threw his $2 wooden blocks into the fire, consigned the English paper to a climate, where the weather even in the middle of winter is said to be quite hot, and went home.

But, Mister Glockemann, I am going to be happy when the cold weather is over, for I haven't suffered in my whole life so much from cold feet as I have this winter and, in fact, I must say that last week there were nights when I could hardly stand it any more. It wouldn't bother me so much if those cold feet belonged to me, but they don't, they belong to Sarah, who has the habit of planting her big, cold, Irish feet into my backside every evening when I get to bed in order to warm them up.

Many a night I have sat up till 10 o'clock and thought the old lady would go to sleep. But up till now it hasn't been possible to sneak into bed without awakening her. Then she always says: "Now Joe, lie nice and quiet so that I can push my poor, cold feet against your back!"

* * *

The other night, however, I flew into a rage and said that if she didn't take her dodgasted cold feet from my back, I would raise Hail Columbia. In response to that she began to bawl and said that now, since she is getting old, weak and wrinkled, I didn't love her any more.

In order to keep peace in the shanty I again allowed her to have her own way. She then went to sleep as peacefully as a baby, and snored so awfully after 10 minutes that you would have thought that they were again sawing knotty pine logs down in the sawmill. But I had to lie quietly the whole time with those wide, big, long and cold feet in my back during which I chattered and shivered like a shorn ram.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz that spring is coming. Beanstalk-Joe was at my place yesterday and got a bottle of wild-goose goose grease. Every spring he gets boils on his neck, this year they are coming already and he says that that is a sure sign that the crows and warm weather will soon be here.

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.



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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 28. Februäry 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Die Särah nemmt jetzt Singing Lessons fun der englischen Schulmisz, die driwer bei 's Handkehsmichels in die Koscht geht un drunner im Schulhaus beim Schwamm tietsche duht. Ich sag dir, Mister Glockemann, des Weibsmensch is for en Fäkt so dinn un lang wie en Kanada-Dischtel, wo im Schatte ufgwachse ist; awer ich glahb doch net, dasz sie ebbes dafor kann.

Die Särah hot erscht 's Melodienschpieler lerner welle; ihrer Finger sin awer so dick un breet, dasz sie immer zwee Kiehs uf emol getotscht hot, un die Misztehn, wo dann gehäppend sin, hot zu guter Letscht niemand meh im Haus schtände kenne.

Ich hab dann an der Gerhard Heintzmann in Toronto gschriwe, was er charger deht, for en Melodien zu bauer, wo die Kiehs juscht about zwee un ½ Zoll breet sin. Sei Preis wär vielleicht ah net zu deiher gweszt, do er awer rifuszt hot, die dritt Margitsch uf die Bauerei zu nehme, hab ich die Prabasischun drappe losse misse.

• • •

Eenigerweg, die Särah nemmt jetzt Singing Lessons und macht grosze Imprufmenter. Sie duht juscht als obtschekter, wann ich ah mitsinge will un sagt, dasz ich en scheene Schtimm for Brotwerschtesse het, awer net zum Singe. Sie mehnt, 's geht nix iwer en musikäl Edukeschun un ihr Aembischun is, President fun der "Ladies' Artillery Aid Society" fum Walkertoner Hospital zu werre, wo als hi un do en Kansert drunner im Schulhaus gewe diehn.

Sie is allreit, un wann ma wees, was 's sei soll, kann ma ah ziemlich gut heere, was sie singe duht. Die englisch Schulmisz macht ebmols awer als en Gsicht, als ob sie Essig gsoffe hot, oder ihr en Laus iwer die Lewer gekrattelt wär. Wann ma awer der ganz Dag lang im Schtall unnig em Vieh rumpokt, wie ich duh, werd ma zu ergend ehre Nois gjuhst.

Sie singt jetzt schun "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," un die "Maypull Leaf forever." Sie kann awer ah schun harte Sangs warbler, zum Beischpiel for Exämpel wie "Everybody is doing me", und so on.

Wann mir die Särah als ehns vorsingt — ich will doch wisse, for was ich der Schulmisz 15 Cents die Lesson bezahl — dann misse mir immer der Dänger aus der Schtub jage, do er sich eibilder duht, dasz er ah mitsinge musz, un sell kann sie net schtände. Der Hund hot halt kenn Kunschtsinn un singt immer danewe, un die Nochbore, 's Lahmerhengschtdreiwers un 's Grundsaujergs, schimpfe dann wie die Rohrschpatze uf mei Alte, weil sie ewer net wisse, dasz sell der Dänger is, wo so heile duht. Die sin juscht tschelles uf der Särah ihrer Talents un Akkomplischmenter.

• • •

Mir inschpeckte uf Oschtere noch Berlin zu kumme, un die Särah präktist jetzt schun en schee, ald, deitsch Lied, enteitelt "Don't be angry with me Darling", wo sie am Oschtermundag Owert in der "Concordia" singe will. Des Lied hot 17½ Fersch, fun denne ich der erscht un letscht domit enklohse duh:

Darling, duh net gleich kicke,
Geht dir ebbes wider 'n Strich,
Ach duh immer zu mir schticke,
After ahl, ich liewe dich.
Wenn ich schimpfe, wenn ich holler',
Is des juscht im erschter Zorn,
Jede Frah kriegt mol en Koller,
Es gebt keen Rose ohne Dorn'.

Darling, duh nie net maule,
Geht dir ebbes wider 'n Strich,
Duh' net kicke, duh net haule,
After ahl, ich liewe dich.
Selbscht, wann ich dich mol verkloppe,
Denk mit Sanftmuth, wie sie will,
Wann sie mied werd, duht sie schtoppe,
Un bis dohin halt ich schtill.

Beiderweh: Vorgeschtern hen mir bei 's Grundsaujergs widder gebutschert, um Serwelatworscht un Schinke reddi zu kriege, do sie neckscht Summer en neie Scheier bauer welle un die Sache for die Rehsing brauche. En Dehi fun der Nochbore wore dort for mitzuhelfe, un wie mir nomidags so an der Erwet wore, hen mir ah fun der Porbler gschwetzt, wo ihr allerweil unnerdraus in Schmierkehs County hent.

Der Schoppeschtecher hot gmehnt, dasz sie friher als for die Porbler gebraucht hette, seiner Mehning noch awer 's Wäcksineter doch vielleicht noch besser wär. Er is en arig gscheiter Kerl un kann Deitsch lese, wann's sogar mit englischer Types gedruckt is, un so hen mir ah all mit ihm iwerehnsgeschtimmt.

• • •

Ich hab Fleesch getschappert un die Grundsaujergsin hot newer mir mit ufgerollt Aermel gschtanne un der Worschtdeeg gemickst. Wie ich dann uf ihrer nackiger Arm geguckt hab, hab ich genotist, dasz sie kenn Märks druf hot, un so hab ich sie ganz innosentle gfrogt, wo sie dann eegentlich gewäcksinetet worre wär, un dodruf hot sie gsagt: "In Deitschland!"

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKIPP, Esq.

NB—Sag em Schmalz, dasz seim Freind Blutworschtnatz letscht Woch en Kuh verreckt is. Sell wor die zwett Kuh wo der Natz inseit fun siewe Johr verlore hot, un is widder en Exämpel dafu, dasz Unglicke niemols alleenig kumme.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, February 28, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

Sarah is now taking singing lessons from the English school teacher, who boards over at Handcheese Mike's and teaches down at the schoolhouse at the swamp. I tell you, Mister Glockemann, that girl is for certain as thin and tall as a Canada thistle that has grown up in the shade, but I don't believe that she can help it.

Sarah first wanted to learn to play the reed organ. Her fingers, however, were so thick and wide that she always touched two keys at once. The discords which resulted were such that finally no one in the house could bear it any longer.

• • •

I then wrote to Gerhard Heintzmann in Toronto, and asked him what he would charge to build a reed organ on which the keys would be about 2½ inches wide. His price might, perhaps, not have been too high, but since he refused to take the third mortgage on my farm, I was forced to drop the proposition.

Anyhow, Sarah is now taking singing lessons and is making great progress. But she objects when I want to sing along too, and says that I have a dandy voice for eating fried sausages, but not for singing. She says that nothing can come up to a musical education, and that her ambition was to become president of the Ladies Artillery Aid Society of the Walkerton Hospital, which now and then gives a concert down at the schoolhouse.

She is not bad, and if you know what it is supposed to be you can understand quite well what she is singing. But the English school teacher sometimes makes a face as if she had drunk vinegar or if a louse had crawled over her liver. But if you are accustomed as I am to poking around the cattle in the barn all day, you become accustomed to any kind of noise.

She is already singing We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree and the Maple Leaf Forever. But she can also warble difficult songs, as an example for instance Everybody Is Doing Me, and so on.

• • •

Whenever Sarah sings a song — I certainly want to know for what I am paying the school teacher 15 cents a lesson — we always have to chase Danger out of the room, since he, too, imagines that he has to sing along and that she can't stand. The dog has, naturally, no artistic sense and always sings false notes, and the neighbors, the Lame Stallion-drivers, the Grundhog Georges, scold like fishwives at my old lady simply because they do not know that it is Danger who wails so. They are actually jealous of Sarah's talents and accomplishments.

We expect to come to Berlin at Easter, and Sarah is already practising a beautiful old German song, entitled Don't Be Angry With Me, Darling, which she wants to sing Easter Monday evening at the Concordia.

The song has 17½ stanzas, of which I am enclosing the first and last ones:

Darling, do not always kick,
When something goes against your grain
Remember, dear, to me to stick,
My love to you is surely plain.
When I scold and when I shout,
Of passing rage 'tis but a mark,
Too, many a wife does rant and pout,
A thornless rose grows in no park.

Darling, do not sulk and pout,
When something goes against your grain,
Do not kick and do not shout,
My love to you is surely plain.
Even should I sometimes beat you,
Meekly think that stop she will,
When she tires, she'll be through,
And till then I will hold still.

By the way, the day before yesterday we butchered at Groundhog George's again to get summer sausage and hams ready, since they want to build a new barn next summer and need these things for the barn raising. A couple of the neighbors were there to help and while we were at work we talked about smallpox, which you are having just now down yonder in Cottage Cheese county.

• • •

Mr. Beersteintilter said that formerly they used to charm for smallpox. His opinion was that vaccination was perhaps even better. He is an extremely clever fellow and can read German even when it is printed in English type, consequently we all agreed with him.

I was cutting meat and Groundhog George's wife was standing beside me and mixing sausage meat with rolled-up sleeves. When I looked at her bare arm, I noticed that she had no marks on it, so I asked her quite innocently where she had actually been vaccinated. To that she answered: "In Germany!"

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz that a cow of his friend, Blood-sausage Nat, kicked the bucket last week. That is the second cow that Nat has lost in the last seven years, and again serves as an example that misfortune never comes singly.

I wish you the same, J.K. Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, Martsch der 8. 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich geschtern mit der Särah noch der Neischtadt gfahre bin, hab ich der Handkehsmichel mit ebbes unnig em Arm zum Loui neigehe sehne, un es hot net lang gedauert, bis mei Naas mir gsagt hot, dasz sell en Schillinghafevoll Schtinkkehs is. Ah die Särah hot's genotist un gfrogt, was dann uf emol so lofle schmelle deht! Ich hab gsagt, ich wees net, awer mir kennte en wenig necher an's Werthshaus hifahre, dasz sie 's noch besser rieche kennt.

Neignumme awer hab ich sie net, for die wär dir iwer den Handkehs hergfahre wie en Katz iwig en Saumage, un an's Bezahle het sie grad so wenig gedenkt wie an's Triete, was ganz und gor gege ihrer Prinsibels is. Do ich awer der Meening bin, dasz der Limburger net drin is mit em Schtinkkehs, was Flavor, Geschmack un medisinel Properties abelangt, hab ich die Särah beim Schtohr abglade, die alt Fän unnig die Sched gschtellt un bin dann nei zum Loui.

Der Michel hot schun im Kleener Schtiwle ghockt un en halb Dutzend Kehs un en Dellervoll Kornbrod vor sich schteh ghat, un der Loui hot grad 's Bier gebrunge. Doch ich Magistret un uf der Seit ah Pandschtallhalter bin, hot der Loui net gut annerscht kenne, als mich zu inweiter for ah ehns mitzudrinke.

* * *

"Well," hab ich gsagt, "weil du's bischt, Loui, will ich dir der Gfalle duh, bring mir erscht en Bittere un en Schoppe Bier for en Tscheser."

Wie der Loui dann der Kehs bezahlt hot, wor's net meh wie recht, dasz der Michel sie ah emol ufgesetzt hot.

Wie mir dann so gemithlich beisamme ghockt sin, is des lang Elend, der Kuddelfleckdoni, rei kumme. Er hot die "Glocke" in der Hand ghat un gsagt:

"Joe, schreib emol grad bei Riturn Mehl an der "Glockemann" un sag ihm, dasz er mei Zeiding schtoppe soll!"

"Was der Bettel 's jetzt widder los?" hab ich gfrogt.

"Well, sell will ich dir sage. Es schterwe zu viel Leit jede Woch in der "Glocke" sidder sie in Berlin gedruckt werd. Es worre schun mehner wie genug, wie die Zeiding noch in Walkerton wor, jetzt awer sinn's änyhow drei bis vier Mol so viel, so dasz es mir ebmols ganz Angscht un Bang werd, un ich fascht zu der Konkluschun kumm, dasz ich vielleicht ah emol der Bucket kicke kennt. Ich hab mir en annere Zeiding bschtellt, do sellem Drucker net en Fertel Dehl so viel Leit doht gehne wie am "Glockemann." Ich glahb, ich bin ihm noch en poor Johr uf die Zeiding schuldig, du kannscht ihm awer sage, dasz er die Akkaunt uf's Eis lege kann, dasz sie ihm net ah so schtinkig werd, wie eier Kehs do."

* * *

"Well, Doni," hab ich gsagt, "ihr seit mir en kuriose Lat Deitsche! Der derr Schpatzehannes hot die Zeiding ufgewe, weil der "Glockemann" net neckscht genug dobei wor, for's zu rieche, dasz sei Frah zwee Zwilling kriegt hot, un du willscht sie abbschtelle, weil er jede Woch uns ah die Nochricht iwer die Verschtorwener bringt. Hehr mol! ihr Kerls schtoppe die Zeiding juscht aus Geiz un Schpeit, un wunnert sich dann die neckscht Woch, dasz die "Glocke" immer noch so hell un klor wie jemols zuvor belle duht."

"Es kommt en Dag, un vielleicht dauert's gar net so arig lang, dasz du ah emol die Zehe in die Heeh schtrecke duscht. Dei Herz un Maul werre for immer schtill un kalt, un dei Freind un Nochbore schleefe dich naus uf der Kerchhof un schaufler dich zu. Der "Glockemann" bringt dann dei Lewenslaaf un sagt in seiner Zeiding, was for en gutherziger Vatter, treier Ehmann, obleitsching Nochbor un ehrlicher Chrischt du worscht — lauter Liege, die ihm der Engel, wo die Bookkeeping im Himmel besorgt, hoffentlich net ah uf's Kerbholz schreiwe werd, do ohnehi genug Sinde gegen ihn gerekorded sin.

* * *

"Wann du dann im kalte, diefe Grab eigwickelt liegscht un vermuthlich ruhig schloofscht, werrscht du niemols wisse, dasz die letschte scheene Werter, die fun dir gsagt worre sin, in der "Glocke" gschtanne hen, die du eenzig un alleenig juscht aus Geizigkeit un Gaschtigkeit schtoppe willscht!"

Dodruf hi hot des lang Elend agfange zu heile un hot gsagt,

"Joe, an sell hab ich noch niemols gedenkt, un ich glahb for en Fäkt, ich halt die "Glocke" vielleicht doch noch lenger, un du braucht am "Glockemann" nix dodofu zu schreiwe."

"Hold on a Minit," hab ich gänsert, "so schnell schiesze die Breisze dann doch noch lang net; mir, ich un der "Glockemann," sin alte Freind, un ich schreib ihm nix, unnig der Konsideraschun, dasz du sie ufsetzscht, emol for mich un emol for ihn, un do er heit net gut bei uns sei kann, duh ich als sei Reprisentetiv äkte und drink for ihn."

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Kennscht du der Schmalz net so hinnerum froge, ob ich un die Särah iwer Oschtere net bei ihm schtappe kennte? Mir bringe unser eegenes Schmieres mit un wann's Zuckerwasser die Woch noch laafe sott, soll's mir uf en poor Buschzuckeroschteroier ah net akumme.

Bei dir will die Särah nimme boarder, do sie fum letzschte Mol noch genug hot. Drei Mol Mosch der Dag, morgerts gekocht, middags gebrote un Owerts kalt, is zu viel fun ehme gute Ding for sie. Ah sagt sie, wie sie dei Maad for Milich gfrogt hot, het sie gheert, wie sie zu sich gsagt hot, "die alt eirisch Schachtel glahbt, dasz es bei uns in Berlin jeden Dag Chrischdag is." Ich musz awer jetzt en End mache, do ich mir heit Owert noch im Holzschopp die Hoor mit der Schoofscheer schneide will.

Beiderweh: Die Schtohrzeeh, die ich kerzlich kriegt hab, basse net grad fum beschte un bin ich als arig froh wann der Owert kummt, un ich sie aus em Maul nemme kann, um meim Gsicht en Rest zu gewe.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, March 8, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

When I yesterday drove with Sarah to Neustadt, I saw Handcheese Mike going into Louis' Hotel with something under his arm, and it wasn't long until my nose told me that it was a shilling crock of hand cheese. Sarah also noticed it and asked where the sudden lovely aroma was coming from! I said I didn't know, but that we could drive a bit closer to the hotel so that she could smell it even better.

But I didn't take her in, for she would have attacked that hand cheese like a cat a liver sausage. With paying for it she would have been concerned as little as with treating — both are completely against her principles. But since I am of the opinion that limburger is not a match for hand cheese in flavor, taste and medicinal properties, I unloaded Sarah at the store, put old Fan into the shed and then went into Louis.

Mike was already sitting in the back room with a half dozen cheeses and a plate of rye bread in front of him, and Louis had just brought some beer. As I am a magistrate and, on the side, also poundkeeper, Louis was forced to invite me to have a drink with them.

* * *

"Well," I said, "because it is you Louis, I will do you the favor, but bring me first a bitters and a stein of beer as a chaser."

When Louis had then paid for the cheese, it wasn't more than right that Mike also set up the drinks once.

As we were sitting there so comfortably that tall wretch, Tony Tripe, came in. He had the Glocke in his hand and said:

"Joe, please write immediately to the Glockemann and tell him to stop my paper!"

"What in thunderation is up again?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you that. Too many people are dying every week in the Glocke since it is being printed in Berlin. There were already more than enough when the paper was still in Walkerton. Now there are at least three to four times as many, so that I often get into a panic and almost come to the conclusion that I perhaps could kick the bucket some day, too. I have ordered a different newspaper, since that editor doesn't have a quarter as many people passing on as the Glockemann has. I believe I still owe him a couple years for the paper. You can tell him to put the account in cold storage so that it won't become as stinky as your cheese on the table."

* * *

"Well, Tony," I said, "you are a funny lot of Germans! Thin Sparrow-Jack gave up the paper because the Glockemann was not close enough to smell that his wife got a pair of twins, and you want to cancel it because he brings us the report every week of the dear departed. Listen! You fellows simply stop the paper out of stinginess and spite, and marvel the following week that the Glocke rings just as clear and bright as ever.

"The day will come, and it may not be very far hence, when you too will curl up your toes. Your heart and mouth will be still and cold forever, and your friends and neighbors will drag you out to the cemetery and shovel you in. The Glockemann will then bring the story of your life, and say in his newspaper what sort of a generous father, a faithful husband, obliging neighbor and honest Christian you were — all lies, which, it is to be hoped, the angel who looks after the bookkeeping in heaven will not put on charge against him, since there are enough sins recorded against him without that.

"When you are then lying in the cold, deep grave and are presumably sleeping quietly, you will never know that the last beautiful words said about you appeared in the Glocke, which you now want to cancel solely and alone out of stinginess and nastiness!"

At that the tall wretch began to bawl and said:

* * *

"Joe, I had never thought about that before and I believe for certain that I am going to continue the Glocke anyway, and you don't have to write the Glockemann anything about it."

"Hold on a minute," I answered, "the Prussians don't shoot nearly as fast as that. We, I and the Glockemann, are old friends and I'll write him nothing on condition that you set up the drinks, once for me and once for him, and since he cannot very well be with us today, I shall act as his representative and drink for him."

I wish you the same,

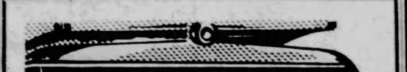
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Couldn't you ask Mr. Schmalz in a roundabout way if I and Sarah could stay at his place over Easter? We'll bring our own butter and jam, and if the sap should still run this week, I won't object bringing a few maple sugar Easter eggs.

Sarah doesn't want to board at your place anymore — she had enough of that the last time to do her for a while. Mush three times a day, boiled in the morning, fried at noon and cold in the evening, is too much of a good thing for her. She also says that when she asked your maid for milk, she heard how she said to herself, "That old Irish hag thinks that it is Christmas every day at our house in Berlin." But I must now come to a close, as I still want to cut my hair this evening with the sheepshears in the woodshed.

By the way, the store teeth which I recently got do not fit as well as they might, and I am mighty happy when evening comes so that I can take them out of my mouth and give my face a rest.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.



Publish Date: 07 Apr 1913

Reprint Date: 06 May 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 7. April, 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab gedenkt, ich sott dir doch en poor Leins drappe un explehner, warum ich die letschte Woche nix fun mir hab heere losse, un warum aus unserer Wissit iwer Oschtere beim Schmalz in Berlin, nix worre is.

En poor Dag eb die tschiepe Reths uf em Rigelweg kumme sin, hot die Särah agfange, for sich ready zu mache. Es erscht Ding was sie geduh hot, wor ihrer Bannet zu trimme. Sie hot en poor fun denne Wildgans-Fedderwisch gnumme, wo noch im Holzschopp rumliege, un wott sie uf ihrer Hut nagler, wie uf emol 's Hätschet ausgschlippt is un sie sich so abbadig hart uf der Daumer gekloppt hot, dasz er inseit fun ehre halwe Schtund so dick wor, wie en gute Seis Blutworscht.

Es schlimmscht an dere ganze Bisznesz awer wor, dasz ah der Hätschethändel in Schticke gfloge is. Mir hen glei en Pohltis von Wildgansgensfett, Kerbsekern, Wageschmier un gedrickelde Hollerbeere gmacht un druf gebunne, ich mehn uf der Särah ihrer Daumer, un net uf der Hätschethändel.

Der neckscht Morge hot die Särah awer so en arges Fieber ghat, dasz sie mich gebettelt un gekoockst hot, doch ins Schettel zu geh, for ihr en kleene Gall Schnaps zu hole. Ich hab erscht net welle, hab mich awer doch verschwetze losse un bin dann fat.

* * *

Im Werthshaus drunner hab ich en poor Kamerade noch fun früher her getroffe, un [illegible] dann so en gude Teim geduh hen, is uf emol der Sauerkrautpeter reikumme, un I tell you what, der hot dir ausgsehner, wie der Dod. Er hot schun en ganze Weil an der Grippe gsuffert, un fun seiner 227 Pund änyhow 100 Pund verlore ghat; er wor for en Fäkt juscht noch Haut un Knoche. Mir worre all arig gpliest, for ihn widder zu sehne, un ich hab zu ihm gsagt:

"Peter, jetzt muscht du dich awer geheerig rausfittere, du guckscht jo aus wie 's groh Elend, un ich wett druf, ma kennt bei dir alle Rippe am Leib zehler."

"Die Rippe zehler?" hot er dodruf gmehnt, "ei, ich musz mich for en Fäkt jetzt jede Mundag Morge in der Weschzuwer hocke, un die Bewwi, was mei Frah is, juhst mich dann for en Weschbord!"

Dodrufhi hen mir awer all glacht un wie der derr Schpatzehannes sie noch emol hot ufsetze losse, is mir so noch un noch eigfalle, for was ich eegentlich ins Schtettel kumme bin.

Eenigerweg, wie ich mich dann Owerts mit meim Kriegle uf der Heemweg hab mache welle, wor's so dunkel wie in ehme Sack; es hot nomidags gregert un owerts gfrorer, so dasz die ganz Schtrosz juscht ehn Schiet Glatteis wor. Ich bin mir vorkumme, wie seller ald Geesbock, dem 's ah zu wohl wor, un browirt hot uf em Eis zu danze, dodobei awer 's links Hinnerbeh gebroche hot.

"Newer meind, Joe," hab ich zu mir selwer gsagt, 's geht nix uf der ganze Welt iwer Home, sweet Home, un do gehscht du heit Owert noch hi, un wanns Krumbierepannekuche regerer sott."

* * *

Um en Bissel mehner Kurasch zu kriege, hab ich en ganz klee Schlickle Schnaps gnumme un bin dann fat gedorgelt. Uf emol awer schlipp ich aus, borzel hinnerschisch uf der Kopp, dasz ich der ganz Himmel voll Basz- und annere Fiddler hab henke sehne. Es schlimmscht awer wor, Mister Glockemann, dasz ah mei Kriegle in 1000 Scherwer verbroche is, un der Schnaps mei ganze neie Sundagskleeder dorch un dorch gsookt hot.

Zu allem Unglick hot jetzt der Wind ah mei Hut noch fartgebloose. Ich hab en Mätsch an meiner Hosebeh schtreike welle, for ihn zu suche, un dodobei hot der Schnaps Feier gekätscht, dasz ich inseit fun ehre ¼ Sekend ausgeguckt hab wie en Tortschleitproseszschun. I tell you what, so gschwind wie ma Tschäck Robinson sage kann, wor ich uf meiner Fiesz un hab so laut "Feier! Feier!!" gekrische, dasz mei Lungeblosbalk fascht gebostet is.

En por Lausbuwe, die mich gsehne hen, hen jetzt ah "Feier" gebrillt un sin fat gschprunge, um die Rescue Fire Kumbanie No. 1, zu alarmer. Ich hab in der Schmidschapp schpringe welle. Der Schmid awer hot mir 's Dohr for der Nas zugschlage, da er kenn Inschurance uf seiner Knallhit hot. Niemand is mir neckscht kumme, un sie hen mehner Bang for mir ghat, wie vor der Porbler.

Zum Glick is jetzt der Chief fun der Polies kumme, der gsehne hot was los wor, un ah glei zu der Konkluschun kumme is, dasz wann do net ball ebbes geduh werd, brennt der Joe bis uf der Bodder ab. Mit groszer Presens of Mind hot er en Kiwel gholt, voll Wasser gebumbt un iwig mich gschitt, so dasz 's Feier ball widder aus wor.

* * *

En dehl fun der Kraut, die um mich gschtanne hen, sin jetzt for der Doktor gschprunge, un do der net daheem wor, hen sie der Geilsdoktor gebrunge, der mich kärfully exämind hot. Sei Verdikt wor, dasz ich net arig gaschtig geinschert wär un in so about 14 Dag widder for die "Glocke" schreiwe kennt.

Noch so about ¾ Stund hot die Feierbrigeht ihrer Aeppierenz gmacht. Die Buwe hen net ehnder kumme kenne, do en Dehl fun ihne erscht heem sin for ihrer Uniform un Rubberschtiffel azuzieher, un dann noch die Name fun der Members verlese hen werre misse, eb die Kiwel ausgedehlt worre sin.

Der Schnaps awer, Mister Glockemann, war futsch.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag em Schmalz, er soll bei Riturn Mehl ruf kumme, do der Schmid sei Meind ufgmacht hot, der Schmidschapp for $45 inschurer zu losse.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, April 7, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

I thought I should drop you a few lines and explain why I haven't written to you during the last few weeks, and why nothing came of our visit to the Schmalzes in Berlin over Easter.

A few days before the excursion rates on the railroad came into force, Sarah began to get ready. The first thing she did was to trim her bonnet. She took a couple of those wild goose feather dusters which were still lying around in the woodshed, and wanted to nail them onto her hat, when suddenly the hatchet slipped out and she pounded herself so hard on the thumb that it was as big as a good-sized blood-sausage inside of a half hour.

But the worst thing about the whole business was that the hatchet handle also flew into pieces. We immediately made a poultice of wild-goose goose grease, pumpkin seeds, wagon grease and dried elderberries and tied this on it, I mean on Sarah's thumb and not on the hatchet handle.

* * *

The next morning Sarah had such a bad fever that she begged and coaxed me to go to town and get her a small gallon of whisky. At first I didn't want to, but allowed myself to be persuaded and then went.

In the hotel I met a couple of cronies from sometime back, and just when we were having a good time suddenly Sauerkraut Peter came in, and I tell you what, he looked like death itself. He has been suffering [illegible] and had lost at least 100 of his 227 pounds. He was, in fact, only skin and bones. We were all very pleased to see him again, and I said to him:

"Peter, now you must really feed yourself up, you look like grey misery, and I bet we could count all the ribs in your body."

"Count the ribs?" he said in response, "why I have to sit in the wash tub every Monday morning and Barbie, who is my wife, uses me then as a washboard!"

We all laughed at that, however, and after Thin Sparrow-Jack had ordered another round of drinks, it suddenly dawned on me what my real purpose had been in coming to town.

Anyway, when I wanted to set out for home in the evening with my little jug, it was as dark as pitch. It had rained in the afternoon and frozen in the evening, so that the whole road was just a sheet of slippery ice. I felt like the old billy-goat who was a bit too gay and who tried to dance on the ice, but broke his left hind leg while doing it.

* * *

"Never mind, Joe," I said to myself, "nothing in the whole world can beat Home, sweet home, and you are still going there tonight, even if it should rain potato pancakes."

To get a bit more courage, I took a wee drop of whisky and then stumbled away. Suddenly I slipped, flopped backwards on my head, so that I saw the whole sky hanging full of bass and other fiddles. However, the worst thing was, Mister Glockemann, that also my little jug flew into a thousand pieces and the whisky soaked completely through my new Sunday suit.

To make matters worse, the wind now also blew my hat away. I wanted to strike a match on my pant leg to give me some light to find it. The whisky caught fire through that, so that I looked like a torchlight procession in a quarter of a second. I tell you what, as quickly as you could say Jack Robinson, I was on my feet, and I shouted, "Fire! Fire!!" so loudly that my lungs almost exploded.

A couple of rascals who saw me also shouted "Fire" and then ran off to alarm the Rescue Fire Company No. 1. I wanted to run into the blacksmith shop. But the blacksmith slammed the door in my face, as he hasn't any insurance on his shack. Nobody came close to me, and they were more afraid of me than of the smallpox.

* * *

Fortunately the chief of police now came. He saw what was up and immediately reached the conclusion that if something was not done immediately, Joe will burn right down to the ground. With great presence of mind he fetched a pail, pumped it full of water and poured it over me so that the fire was soon out.

A part of the crowd that was standing around me now ran for the doctor, and since he wasn't home, they brought the horse doctor, who examined me carefully. His verdict was, that I was not badly injured and that I could write in about 14 days for the Glocke again.

After about three-quarters of an hour, the fire brigade made its appearance. The fellows could not come sooner since a number of them first went home to put on their uniforms and rubber boots. Too they had to call the roll of the members before they could deal out the pails.

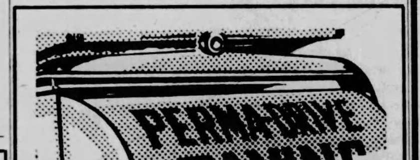
The whisky, however, Mr. Glockemann, was ruined.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz that he is to come up by return mail as the blacksmith has made up his mind to insure the blacksmith shop for $45.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.



Publish Date: 07 Apr 1913

Reprint Date: 21 Feb 1925

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 7. April 1913.

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab gedenkt, ich dir doch en poor Leins drappe un explehner, warum ich die letschte Woche nix fun mir hab heere losse, un warum aus unserer Wissit iwer Oschtere beim Schmalz in Berlin, nix worre is. En poor Dag eb die tschiepe Reths uf em Rigelweg kumme sin, hot die Sărah agfange, for sich ready zu mache. Es ersch Ding was sie geduh hot, wor, ihrer Bannet zu trimme. Sie hot en poor fun denne Wildgans - Fedderwisch gnumme, wo noch im Holzschopp rumliege, un wott sie uf ihrer Hut nagler, wie uf emol 's Hătschet ausgschlippt is un sie sich so abaddig haft uf der Daumer gekloppt hot, dasz er inseit fun ehre halwe Schtund so dick wor, wie en gute Seis Blutworscht. Es schlimmscht an dere ganze Bisnesz awer wor, dasz ah der Hătschethăndel in Schticke gfloge is. Mir hen glei en Pohltis von Wildgansgensfett, Kerbsekern, Wageschmier un gedrickelde Hollerbeere gmacht un druf gebunne, ich mehn uf der Sărah ihrer Daumer, un net uf der Hătschethăndel.

Der neckscht Morge hot die Sărah awer so en arges Fieber ghat, dasz sie mich gebettelt un gekoockst hot, doch ins Schtettel zu geh, for ihr en kleene Gall Schnaps zu hole. Ich hab erscht net welle, hab mich awer doch verschwetze losse un bin dann fat. Im Werthshaus drunner hab ich en poor Kamerade noch fun friher her gedroffe, un wie mir dann so en gude Teim neigeduh hen, is uf emol der Sauerkrautpeter reikumme, un I tell you what, der hot dir ausgsehner, wie der Dod. Er hot schun en ganze Weil an der Grippe gsuffert, un fun seiner 227 Pund ănyhow 100 Pund verlore ghat; er wor for en Făkt juscht noch Haut un Knoche. Mir worre all arig gepliest, for ihn widder zu sehne, un ich hab zu ihm gesagt, "Peter, jetzt muscht du dich awer geheerig rausfittere, du guckscht jo aus wie 's groh Elend, un ich wett druf, ma kann bei dir alle Rippe am Leib zehler." "Die Rippe zehler?" hot er dodruf gmehnt, "ei, ich musz mich for en Făkt jetzt jede Mundag Morge in der Weschzuwer hocke, un die Bewwi, was mei Frah is, juhst mich dann for en Weschbord!" Dodrufhi hen mir awer all glacht [illegible] wie . der derr Schpatzehannes sie noch emol h[illegible] ufsetze losse, [illegible] noch un noch eigfalle, for was ich eegentlich ins Schtettel kumme bin. . . .

Eenigerweg, wie ich mich dann Owerts mit meim Kriegle uf der Heemweg hab mache welle, wor's so dunkel wie in ehme Sack; es hot no midags gregert un owerts gfrorer, so dasz die ganz Schtrosz juscht ehn Schiet Glatteis wor. Ich bin mir vorkumme, wie seller ald Geesbock, dem 's ah zu wohl wor, un browirt hot uf em Eis zu danze, dodobei awer 's links Hinnerbeh gebroche hot. "Never meind, Joe," hab ich zu mir selwert gsagt, "'s geht nix uf der ganze Welt iwer Home, sweet Home, un do gehscht du heit Owert noch hi, un wanns Krumbierepannekuche regerer sott."

Um en bissel mehner Kurasch zu kriege, hab ich en ganz klee Schlickle Schnaps gnumme un bin dann fat gedorgelt. Uf emol awer schlipp ich aus, borzel hinnerschich uf der Kopp, dasz ich der ganz Himmel voll Basz- und annere Fiddler hab henke sehne. Es schlimmscht awer wor, Mister Glockemann, dasz ah mei Kriegle in 1000 Scherwer verbroche is, un der Schnaps mei ganze nei Sundagskleeder dorch un dorch gsookt hot. Zu allem Unglick hot jetzt der Wind ah mei Hut noch fatgbloose. Ich hab en Mătscht an meiner Hossebeeh schtreike welle, for ihn zu suche, un dodobei hot der Schnaps Feier gekătscht, dasz ich inseit fun ehre ¼ Sekend ausgeguckt hab wie en Tortschleitproseszschun . I tell you what, so gschwind wie ma Tschăck Robinson sage kann, wor ich uf meiner Fiesz un hab so laut "Feier! Feier!!" gekrische, dasz mei Lungeblosbalk fascht gebostet is. En por Lausbuwe, die mich gsehne hen, hen jetzt ah "Feier" gebrillt un sin fat geschprunge, um die Rescue Fire Kumbanie No. 1, zu alarmer. Ich hab in der Schmidschapp schpringe welle. Der Schmid awer hot mir 's Dohr for der Nas zugschlage, da er kenn Inschurance uf seiner Knallhit hot. Niemand is mir neckscht kumme, un sie hen mehner Bang for mir ghat, wie vor der Porbler.

Zum Glick is jezt der Chief fun der Polies kumme, der gsehne hot was los wŏr, un ah glei zu der Konkluschun kumme is, dasz wann do net ball ebbes geduh werd, brennt der Joe bis uf der Bodder ab. Mit groszer Presens of Mind hot er en Kiwel gholt, voll Wasser gebumbt un iwig mich gschitt, so dasz 's Feier ball widder aus wor. En dehl fun der Kraut, die um mich gschtanne hen, sin jetzt for der Doktor gschprunge, un do der net daheem wor, hen sie der Geisldoktor gebrunge, der mich kărfully exămined hot. Sei Verdikt wor, dasz ich net arig gaschtig geinschert wăr un in so about 14 Dag widder for die "Glock" schreiwe kennt.

Noch so about ¾ Stund hot die Feierbrigeht ihrer Aeppierenz gmacht. Die Buwe hen net ehnder kumme kenne, do en Dehl fun ihne erscht heem sin for ihrer Uniform un Rubberschtiffel azuzieher, un dann noch die Name fun der Members verlese hen werre wisse, eb die Kiwel ausgedehlt worre sin.

Der Schnaps awer, Mister Glockemann, wor futsch.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N. B. — Sag am Schmalz, er soll bei Riturn Mehl ruf kumme, do der Schmidt sei Meind ufgmacht hot, der Schmidschapp for $45 inschurer zu losse.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

J. K., Esq.

(Note—The next letter from Joe Klotzkopp will appear in the Daily Record on March 7th.)

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tions. The only uncontrollable cause is the rigorous climate. A mix suitable for 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer is necessarily too hard at 30 degrees below zero. A 58-63 penetration bitumen has been used, which even on heavy traffic streets has not resulted in shoving or excessive marking in summer, and it is believed that the standard limit of softness recommended by the Asphalt Association and other authorities may safely be raised to the 60-70 class in the new scale for Kitchener for all streets excepting down-town sections. The present specifications are:

Binder Course—	Per Cent
Bitumen soluble in carbon disulphide	5.5
Sand and material passing 10-mesh sieve	24.0
Course aggregate retained on 10-	[illegible]

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agara. Up to the present time no power development has been undertaken, but all the land in the vicinity has been set aside as a public park by the Rhodesian Government.



Roberta Farinacci, sometimes known as "The Tyrant of Cremona" and "the Boss of Bologna," who has just been appointed as secretary-general of the Fascist party, thus being formally recognized as Mussolini's right-hand man.

FIVE-BEDROOM HOME HAS LONG FRONT

Publish Date: 26 Apr 1913

Reprint Date: 13 May 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 26. April 1913.

Mister Glockemann!

Sell Wasser, wo der Tschief of Polies kerzlich im Schtettel uf mich gschitt hot, wie ich Owerts Feier gekätscht hab, hot mir net alleenig mei Sundagskleeder versaut, es hot mir ah die Rhumatis so schlimm gewe, dasz ich ebmols gmehnt hab, ich het juscht so about en hunnert Millioner Ameiser, Hummler und Wildkatze in meiner alte Knoche schtecke.

Ich bin am neckschter Morger niwer zu der Lahmerhengschtdreiwern, for mir brauche zu losse, und wie sie mit ihrem Schtreichler, Haucher un Gekau fertig wor, hot sie gsagt, ich miszt mir en Schlangehaut ins Kreiz binne, Grundsauhoor uf die Lewer lege und Thee aus Brennesel, Rauter, Dornebbel un Gehlriewer drinke. Ich habs zwee Dag lang geduh, bis mir die Brieh zum Hemmerkrage ruf gschtanne hot. Es wor awer alles for die Katz.

* * *

Die Särah mehnt, ich deht zu viel Bier un Schnaps saufe, un sell wär die Kehs fun meim Rhumatis. Des is awer, wo sie en Mistähk macht. Der Deihenker mak wisse, was die Werth alleweil in ihr Bier un Schnaps neidiehn, dasz 's ehm so in die Knoche fohrt.

Mr. Glockemann, ich drink doch jetzt schun sidder ich uf dem Jammerdahl bin, un sell is en ganz abadig lange Teim her, un do sott ma doch mehner, dasz ma dazu gejuhst deht werre? Es hot mir ah nie ebbes gschad, erscht in der letschte Johre, do krieg ichs mit dem verderbte Reisze. Sell is doch schurly net mei Schuld! Mei System is immer noch dessehm, aber 's Bier und der Schnaps sinn nimme, wie sie friher worre.

Ich wor jetzt ah schun bei vier Doktors, un jeder hot mir en annere Aedweis gewe. Wann die Kerls wisse dehte, was sie net wisse, dann wär's allreid. Mei Rhumatis is doch dersehm, wie kenne dann die vier Pillerdreher so differe? Wohrscheinlich hen die an verschiedige Kolleges gschtottit un die Krankert uf vier verschiedige Wege glernt, un dann misse mir dofor suffere, un, was awer 's Schlimmscht dobei is, sie inschpekte, dasz ma for ihr Aedweis ah noch bezahler sott.

Der erscht Doktor hot mich exsämind un dann gsagt, ich miszt kärful sei un derft nix drinke, als heckschtens hi un do emol en Gläszle Bier. Kannscht du mir 's dofor iwel nemme, dasz ich zu ehme annere Doktor bin?

* * *

Der Zwett hot mich ah exsämind un dann gmeent, 's deht mir noch net grad an der Kraage geh, awer ich sott's Drinke auskotte, exsept hi un do en Gläsle Cider.

Der Dritt hot mir alles verbotte; er hot awer gsagt en Whiskey kennt mitunner nix schade do der die Uric Acid Secreschuns im vermiform Appendix un in der rectangular Parallelograms, usw. schtimulate deht. Ich hab sei Wort dafor gnumme un bin heem.

Mei Rhumatis is awer net besser worre, un ich bin zu der Konkluschun kumme, dasz all Drei net abaddig viel wisse un ma ihrer Aedweis efach zusammezehler musz, um's schtimme zu mache. Ich hab als emol en Gläszle Bier, hi un do en Gläszle Cider un mitunner en Schnaps gnumme. Gschtimmt hot die Kälkulaschun awer doch net, do mei Rhumatis immer schlimmer worre is.

Jetzt bin ich zum vierte Doktor un des wor for en Fäkt noch der verrickscht fun der ganze Bonsch. Was meenscht, Mr. Glockemann, was der gsagt hot? Nix sott ich drinke, gor nix! Wie ich ihn dann gfrogt hab, mit was ich dann mei Dorscht schtille soll, hot er die Audäsite ghat zu sage: "Mit Wasser, of kohrs!"

Ich hab gmehnt, mich drefft en Dunnerkeil. Seit wann kann ma dann inschpekte, dasz en freier deitscher Mann, un wann er ah en eirische Frah hot, Wasser saufe sott? Uf was for cräzy Noschens doch so en Doktor kumme kann! Ich hab ihm gsagt, dasz ich Wasser juscht emol im Johr juhse deht, un sell wär so um Neijohr rum, wann ich mir als die Fiesz for der neckscht Summer wesch.

* * *

Du hoscht doch mei Freind, der selig "roth Kiefer" in Formosa gekennt? Der is, wie die Doktor sage, an der Wassersucht gschtorwe, was ich awer uf der heitig Dag net glab, un was der "Roth" ah net geglabt hot, do er mir emol beim Uhri Natz gsagt hot:

"Joe, wie kann ich dann die Wassersucht hawe, do ich doch, sidder ich fun Deitschland hinnerdraus fat bin, kenn Wasser meh gedrunke hab!"

Ich limp un hopps jetzt im Haus rum, wie die Särah, wann sie als en poor neie Schuh ahot, die änyhow zwee Seises zu klee un korz sin. Ich duh jetzt nix meh for mei Sicknesz bis ich der recht Doktor gfunne hab, for mich zu triete.

Wann als die Pehns ganz abadig arig weh diehn, fallt mir immer en Song ei, wo der Liederkranz als gsunge hot:

(Noch der Melodie: Freit eich des Lebens.)

Ich weesz dir net, seit en poor Woche
Hab ich der Rhumatis in meiner Knoche;
Der Doktor sagt, es käm fum Drinke,
Dasz ich dir jetzt so rum musz hinke.
Un des is ganz gewisz net wohr!
For heert doch nor:
Drink ich, so hink ich —
Drink ich net, so hink ich doch!
Do mehn ich, will ich liewer noch
Drinke un hinke,
Als hinke un net drinke.
Ich mehn, sell is halt sonneklor!
Doch wisse mecht ich nor,
Wie en gschtudirter, gscheidter Mann,
En so'n Unsinn schwetze kann:
Mei Hinke, sell kummt fum Drinke?!
O mei, geht mir nor domit wech —
En Doktor babbelt ah als Blech.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag em Schmalz, er soll amol der Lahjer fun seiner Verschurance-Kumbanie froge, ob ich der Chief fun der Polies im Schtettel net for Dämätsches schuhe kennt? Wann der Kerl mir net seller Kiwel voll Wasser iwig der Kopp gschitt het, wär ich bis uf die Schtiffelsohle abgebrennt un deht jetzt en Harf mit about en dausend Bendel schpiele, schtatt uf derre Welt rumzuloofer, suffere, Driebsahl blose und Elend geige.

Es winscht ihm dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, April 26, 1913

Mister Glockemann!

That water which the chief of police a short time ago poured on me, when I caught fire that evening in town, didn't only ruin my Sunday suit, it also gave me rheumatism so badly that I often thought I had about a hundred million ants, bumble-bees and wildcats sticking in my old bones.

I went over to the Lame-Stallion-Driver's wife to let her charm for me. When she was done with her stroking, breathing and chewing she said I would have to tie a snake-skin on my back, groundhog hair on my liver, and drink tea made of stinging nettle, rue, thornapple and carrots. I did that for two days until the tea came up to my shirt collar. But it was all to no avail.

Sarah claims I am guzzling too much beer and whisky, and that that was the cause of my rheumatism. But that is where she is making a mistake. The deuce may know what the hotelkeepers nowadays put into their beer and whisky, so that it shoots so strongly into your bones.

Mister Glockemann, I have been drinking, as you know, ever since I am in this vale of tears, and that is quite a considerable time. You would think that you would get used to it. It never did hurt me until the last few years when I am getting that confounded rheumatism. That is certainly not my fault! My system is still the same, but the beer and whisky are not what they formerly were.

* * *

I have already been to see four doctors, and each one gave me different advice. If the chaps knew what they don't know, then it would be all right. My rheumatism always remains the same; how is it possible that the four pill-jerkers can differ so. Probably they studied at different colleges, and learned about illnesses in four different ways, and for that we have to suffer. But what is worst about it is, that they expect us in addition to pay them for their advice.

The first doctor examined me and then said, I should be careful and not drink anything, at most now and then a glass of beer. Can you blame me for going to another doctor?

The second one examined me, too, and then said that my case was not altogether hopeless, but that I should cut out drinking, except now and then a little glass of cider.

The third one prohibited everything, but he said a whisky couldn't hurt once in a while as it stimulated the uric acid secretions in the vermiform appendix and in the rectangular parallelograms, etc. I took his word for it and went home.

But my rheumatism didn't get any better and I came to the conclusion that all three didn't know particularly much, and that you simply had to pool their advice to make it agree. I therefore drank once in a while a little glass of beer, now and then a little glass of cider and occasionally a glass of whisky. But my cauclation did not seem to agree, as my rheumatism kept on getting worse and worse.

* * *

Now I went to the fourth doctor and he was, in fact, the craziest one of the whole bunch. What do you think, Mister Glockemann, that he said? I should drink nothing, nothing at all! When I then asked him with what I should slake my thirst, he had the audacity to say: "With water, of course!"

I thought I had been struck by lightning. Since when can one expect a free German man to drink water, even if he has an Irish wife? What kind of crazy notions can such a doctor get! I told him that I use water only once a year, and that was around New Year's when I wash my feet for the next summer.

You know my friend "Red Kiefer" in Formosa — since departed. He died, at least the doctors say so, of dropsy (watersickness), but that I don't believe to this day, since he once told me at Uhri Nat's house:

"Joe, how can I have dropsy (water sickness), as I haven't drunk a drop of water anymore since I left Germany!"

I am limping and hopping around in the house like Sarah when she has on a new pair of shoes which are at least two sizes too small and also too short. I am not doing anything more for my illness until I have found the right doctor to treat me.

When therefore the pains hurt me particularly much, a song always occurs to me which the choral society used to sing:

(Melody: Enjoy your life.)

I know not why, for several weeks
My bones are filled with rheumatic squeaks;
The doctor says it comes from drink,
That all my bones now have a kink.
But I don't believe it's true!
For let me tell you:
If I drink, I'm surely lame —
And if I don't, 'tis still the same!
So I'd rather play this game,
Drink and have a kink,
Than have a kink without a drink.
Surely that's as clear as day!
But tell me please, I pray,
How a man of brains and wit,
Can nonsense of this kind emit:
My limping came from drinking?!
Oh my, I'll sure believe that not —
A doctor, too, can babble rot.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz to ask the lawyer of his insurance company whether I could sue the town chief of police for damages? If the fellow hadn't poured that pail of water over my head I would have burned right down to my shoe soles, and would now be playing a harp with about a thousand strings instead of tramping around in this world, suffering, being in the dumps and piping misery.

I wish him the same, J. K. Esq.



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The Letters of [redacted]
JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


RITTINGER


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 17. Juni 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Es is net mei Intenschun, heit en lange Praklamäschun loszuschiesze; ich will dir juscht en poor Leins drapper, do ich alleweil so viel Brief fun deiner Kostemers krieg, die wisse welle, warum ich kenn Schticke meh for die "Glocke" schreiwer duh.

Die Riesen is, dasz ich Summers net arig viel Zeit hab; es nemmt juscht about mei ganze schpehr Teim for dazu zu tende, dasz die Särah un die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Jüngschte is, die Erwet uf der Bauerei diehn. Un dann will ma doch ah hi und do emol en Dag fische geh. Alsford schaffe is ungesund, fun dem sogor die Geil verrecke.

Sidder der nei Brauer in der Neischtadt haust, kumm ich nimme so viel ins Schtettel wie friher. Was denkscht, Mr. Glockemann, was der will? Er inschpeckt, dasz ich for's Bier, wo ich bei ihm kaaf, ah käsch bezahler duh, schtatt mir Kredit zu gewe, bis ich im Herbscht seh, wie vielleicht die Ernt austurner duht.

Ne, die Neischtadt is nimmi was sie vor 20 or 30 Johr wor, wo die Schtohrkieper froh worre, wann ma ihrer Schtofft mit Heem gnumme hot, un sie ehm noch zwee und drei Johr Kredit gewe hen.

• • •

Des is awer net der Point warum ich an dich schreib: Ich hab do kerzlich in der "Glocke" glese, dasz en Mann, wo sich Doktor A. S. Vogt schreibt, zum Bahs fum Konservative Musik College in Toronto äppointed worre is. Ich bin neischierig, ebbes mehner fun ihm auszufinne.

Wie du sagscht, hot sei Schockel in Schmierkäs County gschtanne un er is in Elmira gerehst worre. Sell wunnert mich merikwerdig, dasz er den Tschab bei der Konservatives agnumme hot, do die Leit hinnerdraus in Woolwich doch fascht all Grits sin!

Do is noch en Point, wo ich gern wisse deht: Was for en Doktor is er dann eegentlich? Juscht en kammener Doktor, oder en Geilsdoktor? En gute Bräktis kann er awer net hawe, sunscht het er kenn Zeit, for uf der Seit noch Musik Lessons zu gewe, wie unser Schulmisz, wo drunner beim Schwamm tietsche duht.

Wann er kenn Vieh-Doktor is, kann ich vielleicht Bisnesz mit ihm duh. Frog ihn emol, ob er kenn Juhs for mei Wildgansgensfett unnig seiner Skallers hot. Wann die ihre Dame mit sellem Fett eischmierer, dann fliege die Finger iwig die Kiehs wie Chain lightning; die Exerseises daurer net meh halb so lang wie friher, un er braucht sich ah kenn Bahmwoll meh in die Ohre zu schtoppe.

Dann is des Wildgansgensfett ah gut for Blutkepp, Pips in Hens, Fettflecke aus der Kleeder zu nemme, gege Wanze un anner Ungeziffer, wo die menschlich Fämily subjekt dazu is.

• • •

Do fallt mir grad noch ebbes ei! Wann du an ihn schreibscht, frog ihn emol, ob er kenn Professor braucht, for die Akkordion zu tietsche. Sell wär so en Tchebbel for mich. Ich bin for en Fäkt en Grit, wann er mir awer en guter Lohn bezahlt, sag so about $1.35 der Dag un die Koscht, wär ich doch vielleicht willens, in seim Konservative College Lessons zu gewe. Wann mei Klähs zu grosz werre deht, kennte mir jo als in der Holzschopp oder uf der Schpeicher adjourner.

Ich kann die beschte Referenzes iwer mei Sucksesz gewe: Am Schierdoni sei Peter hot juscht sechs Lessons fun mir gnumme, un jetzt hen sie ihn schun engetscht, for am 12. Tschulei driwer in Durham zu schpieler. Am Grundsaujerg sei Philip hot acht Lessons ghat, un kann jetzt die Bägpeips so schee imitäter, dasz ma for en Fäkt mehnt, 's wär en Krahs zwische ehme gschtochener Schofbock un ehme Pohahner. Am lahmer Hengschtdreiwer sei Ketti, wo net gans so viel Tälent hot, schpielt "Father, dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" zweeschtimmig un kann ah schun zwee Fersch dazu singe, wann ma ihr die Worte vorkaut.

Un so sin all mei Skallers, wo ich getietscht hab. Mehner kann der Doktor Vogt schur net inschepkte! Die Särah, wo fun der Schulmisz Singing Lessons gnumme hot, kennt Owerts als die Holzkischt fille, die Hinkel fittere un am Dag die kleene Meed tietsche un so em Doktor en grosze Lascht fun der Schultere nemme.

• • •

Schreib bei Riturn Mehl un sag ihm, dasz ich den Tschab glei noch der Ernt, wann's Dresche vorbei is, nemme kennt.

Beiderweh: Es is do howe herum des Frihjohr so drucker gweszt, dasz die Heuernt net fum beschte auszuturner promissed. Der Klee is so korz, dasz die Hummler sich uf die Knie hocke misse, wann sie der Hunnig aus der Blume suckler welle.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag am Schmalz, dasz er grad so en grosze Geizkrippel is wie du ah. Kenn Wort hot er mich wisse losse, dasz er in der Neischtadt wor. In jedem Werthshaus hab ich nochgefrogt, ob er net en Poor for mich bezahlt hot, aber nee, net emol en elendige Boddel Pap. Sell is der Dank dafor, dasz ich ihm iwer fünf Munat Kredit for sell Wildgansgensfett gewe hab. Awer never meind, ich wär ewer mit ihm. Wann selle Policy uf der Schofschtall ausgeloffe is, inschur ich driwer in Hanover.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Sag am Dr. Vogt, dasz ich Mittwoch Owerts pasatifle net an Duty bin, do der Chrischt. Kleeberger fum "Liederkranz" mich glei engetsche will, for ihm Akkordion-Lessons zu gewe, so dasz er als bei seiner Schpries selwert die Musik furnischer kann und kenn so grosz Geld meh an die Dago-Fiddlers zu bezahler braucht. Ich un der Chrischt sin grosze Freind, do er vor about 40 Johr en Member fun meiner Sundagsschul-Klähs wor, un ebmols ah en roth Ticket for Good Behavior kriegt hot.

Es winscht dir dessem, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, June 17, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

It is not my intention today to fire a long proclamation at you; I just want to drop you a few lines, since I am at present getting so many letters from your customers who want to know why I am not writing articles to the Glocke any more.

The reason is that I haven't much time in summer. It takes almost all my spare time to see to it that Sarah and Mildred, who is the youngest daughter of my Lizzie, do the work on the farm. And then you also want to go fishing for a day now and then. To work without ever stopping is unhealthy; even the horses kick the bucket from that.

Since the new brewer is living in Neustadt, I don't come to town as often as I formerly did. What do you think, Mister Glockemann, that he wants? He expects me to pay cash for the beer that I buy at his place, instead of giving me eredit until I can see how the crops turn out in the fall.

• • •

No, Neustadt is no longer what it was 20 or 30 years ago when the storekeepers were happy that you took their wares home, and they gave you in addition two or three year's credit.

That is, however, not the reason why I am writing to you. I recently read in the Glocke that a man, whose name is Dr. A. S. Vogt, has been appointed boss of the Conservative (Conservatory) Music College in Toronto. I am anxious to find out a bit more about him.

As you tell us, his cradle stood in Cottage Cheese County, and that he was raised in Elmira. I am quite amazed that he took a job with the Conservatives (Conservatory), since almost all the people over there in Woolwich are Grits!

There is another point which I would like to know. What kind of a doctor is he? Just an ordinary doctor or a horse doctor? He surely can't have a good practice, otherwise he'd have no time to give music lessons on the side like our schoolmarm, who teaches down at the swamp.

If he is not a veterinarian, I can perhaps do business with him. Please ask him if he has any use for my wild-goose goose grease among his scholars. If they grease their thumbs with that grease, then the fingers fly over the keys like chain lightning. The exercises will last only half as long as formerly, and he won't have to stick any cotton wool in his ears any longer.

• • •

Then the wild-goose goose grease is also good for baldness, pip in hens, for taking grease spots out of clothing, for bedbugs and other vermin to which the human race is subject.

Something has just occurred to me! When you write to him, ask him whether he doesn't need a professor to teach the accordion. That would be a little job for me. I am in fact a Grit, if, however, he pays me a good salary, say about $1.35 a day and board, I might nevertheless be willing to give lessons in his Conservative (Conservatory) College. If my class got to be too large, we could adjourn to the woodshed or the upstairs.

I can give the best references for my success. Tony Smear's Peter just took six lessons from me, and they have already engaged him to play on the 12th of July over in Durham. Groundhog George's son, Philip, had eight lessons from me, and he can now imitate the bagpipes so beautifully, that you could in fact believe that he was a cross between a stuck ram and a peacock. Lame-Stallion-Driver's Kate, who has not quite so much talent, plays Father Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now in two parts and can also sing two verses of it, if you repeat the words for her a couple of times.

• • •

And that's the way with all my scholars that I have taught. Surely Dr. Vogt cannot expect more than that! Sarah, who has taken singing lessons from the schoolmarm, could fill the wood-box in the evening, feed the chickens and, during the day, she could teach the little girls, and in this way take a big burden from the doctor's shoulders.

Write by return mail and tell him that I could take the job soon after the harvest, when threshing time is over.

By the way, it has been so dry up around here this spring that the hay crop doesn't promise to be of the best. The clover is so short that the bees have to get on their knees if they want to suck the honey out of the flowers.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz that he is just as big a skinflint as you are. He didn't tell me a word about having been in Neustadt. I inquired about him in every hotel whether he hadn't paid for a few drinks for me, but no, not even for a miserable bottle of pop. That is the gratitude that I get for having given him credit for more than five months for that bottle of wild-goose goose grease. But never mind, I'll get even with him. As soon as that policy on my sheep stable is run out, I am going to insure over in Hanover.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Tell Dr. Vogt that I positively will not be on duty Wednesday evenings, since Chris Kleeberger of the choral society wants to engage me soon to give him accordion lessons, so that he can himself furnish the music at his sprees, and doesn't need to pay such a bunch of money to the Italian fiddlers. I and Chris are great friends as he was a member of my Sunday School class about 40 years ago, and he also once got a red ticket for good behavior.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 25. Tschulei 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Ich seh in der letschter Kappi fun eirem Babier, dasz seller scheeguckig Bätschler im Blockschtettel, der schun lang en Frah un so about sechs oder siewer Kinner hawe sollt, wisse will, ob ich vielleicht drufgschnappt bin, oder ob mich die Hundsdage bloge diehn. Well, die Fäkt is, dasz ich soweit immer noch Luft schnappe kann, un die Hundsdage mich ah net arig wiescht baddere, do ich mei ganz Lewe lang sozusage uf em Hund wor.

Nee, die Riesson, warum du sidder am letschter Mol nix fun mir gheert hoscht, wor simply mei christliche Neckschtelieb, do ich Woche lang nachts driwer beim Grundsaujerg gwacht hab, un des is so gehäppend:

Der ganz letscht Winter un des Friehjohr schun hot der Grundsaujerg iwer Pehns un Schmerze in seim Maage komplehnt, un ich hab ihm alsfad zugrothe, doch emol nunner zum Doktor zu geh, for sich inschpeckter zu losse. Er hot awer immer gmehnt, dasz sell zu viel koschte deht, un er im Friehjohr en neier Rieper un Krumbiereblug gekaaft het, for die er noch der Ernt käsch bezahler miszt.

Anyhow, er is immer schlimmer worre, un eh Dags is er niwer zu mir kumme un hot mich gebeddelt, mit ihm zum Doktor zu geh, was ich dann ah geduh hab.

• • •

Well, der Doktor hot ihn kärfully exämined un is darn zu der Konkluschun kumme, dasz 's eenzig Ding, for ihn zu sehfer, en surtschikäl Operaschun wär. Dodruf hi hot awer der Grundsaujerg so en Schreck kriegt, dasz ma verhanschling gmehnt hot, der alt Nick deht ihm jetzt schun in seim schteifer Gnick hocke.

Enigerweg, ich hab ihn gekokscht, mit niwer zum Louis zu geh, un en poor Wuppdichs hinnig sei Hemmerknopp zu schitte, was er dann ah geduh hot. Wie er dann so halb seelig wor, hen ich, der Doktor un sei Knecht ihn niwer noch Vielnethig ins Haspitel geschleeft.

Mir hen ihm die Aage zugebunne, ihn uf der Disch fescht-geschträppt un gekloriformt, so dasz er gor nix meh fun sich gwiszt hot, un wie der Doktor dann sei Messere gwetzt ghat hot, hot er ihm den Bauch ufgschlitzt, un der Schtomack rausgrisse. Do der Maage juscht arig dreckig wor, awer sunscht en gsunde un muntere Aeppierenz ghat hot, hot der Doktor zu seim Knecht gsagt:

"Philip, nehm emol am Grundsaujerg sei Maage nunner an der Rewer un wesch ihn sauwer aus."

Well, der Philip is dann ah nunner an's Wasser, un wie er der Maage mit Schmierseef schee ausgwesche ghat hot, hot er ihn in die Sun zum Drickler glegt. In der Miehnteim hot sich der Philip newig en Hemlackschtumber ghockt, sei Peif gfillt un wie er sie grad aschtecke wott, seht er, wie en poor Muschratte mit em Grundsaujerg seim Maage im Saugeen Rewer disäppiere diehn.

• • •

Jetzt sag ich dir awer, Mr. Glockemann, wor guter Roth deier. Der Philip is zrickkumme un hot gheilt wie en Schloszhund, un der Doktor hot do gschtanne, wie 's Kind bei ehme verbrochene Kaffeekopple, un hot gmehnt, der arm Kerl musz jetzt dohtgeh, for uhnig ehme Schtomack kann er doch net meh in der Welt rumdabbe.

"Doktor," hab ich gsagt, "do fallt mir alleweil ei, dasz der Butscher driwer im Schtettel geschter am lahmer Hengschtdreiwer sei alter Geesbock gebutschert hot, for Ballohne draus zu mache un ich hab gsehne, wie er dem Vieh sei Maage in die Salzbrieh gschmisse hot."

"Allreid," hot do der Doktor gmehnt, "en Maage musz der Grundsaujerg hawe, no Mätter was for ehner es is."

Der Philip is jetzt dabber uf ehns fun der Nurses ihrer Bicycles niwer noch der Neischtadt grutscht un hot den Geesbockmaage gebrunge. Der Doktor hot ihn dann (ich mehn den Maage un net der Philip) erscht mit rothem Peffer un Wildgansgensfett eigeriwer, so dasz er schee warm worre is un hot ihn dann am Blatz fum oritschenel Schtomack feschtgleimt un der Bauch widder zugeneht.

• • •

Der arm Grundsaujerg hot en arige Teim neigeduh, ebb er widder besser worre is, un do mir ihm nix gsagt hen, was bei der Operaschun gehäppend is, hot er sertenly ah nix dafu gwiszt. Er is jetzt widder allreid un so fidel wie en lausiges Säule. Geschtert awer, wie er hiwer bei uns wor, hot er doch gmehnt:

"Joe, ich wees for en Fäkt net, was mir recht fehlt, sidder ich widder gsund bin, ich hab alleweil so Gluschter noch Dickworzelbletter, Tomatokanne, Klee, Rubberschtiffel un alles, was grien is."

"Joe," hab ich gsagt, "des is ah ken Wunner, do mir dir sellermols bei der Operaschun, am lahmer Hengschtdreiwer seim alter Geesbock sei Maage in die Kitz gneht hen."

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag am Schmalz, ich winsch ihm ah dessehm.

J.K., Esq.

Neustadt, July 25, 1913.

Mister Glockemann:

see in the last copy of your paper that that handsome bachelor in Conestoga, who should have had a wife and about six or seven children long ago, wants to know whether I have perhaps kicked the bucket or whether the dog days were plaguing me. Well, the fact is that I can up to now still gasp in air, and that the dog days don't bother me too much since I have been, so to speak, going to the dogs all my life.

No, the reason that you have heard nothing from me since the last time was simply that of brotherly love. I have been looking after Ground-Hog George nights for weeks now, and this happened as follows:

All last winter and spring Ground-hog George had been complaining of pains and aches in his stomach, and I continually kept on urging him to go down to the doctor to have himself inspected. But he always said that that would cost too much, and that he had bought a new reaper and a potato plow in the spring, for which he would have to pay cash at harvest time.

• • •

Anyhow it kept getting worse and worse, and one day he came over to me and begged me to go with him to the doctor, which I then did.

Well, the doctor examined him carefully and then came to the conclusion that the only thing that would save him was a surgical operation. At that Ground-hog George got such a fright that you would certainly have thought that the old Nick was already sitting on his stiff neck.

Anyway I coaxed him to go over to Louis' Hotel and pour down a couple of quick ones behind his collar button, and this he then did. When he was then half tipsy, I, the doctor and his hired man dragged him over to Poorville to the hospital.

We tied his eyes shut, strapped him onto the table and choloformed him, so that he was completely unconscious, and when the doctor then had sharpened his knife, he slashed open his stomach and tore his stomach out. Since his stomach was only very soiled, but otherwise had a sound and healthy appearance, the doctor said to his hired man:

"Philip, take Ground-hog George's stomach down to the river and give it a good wash."

* * *

Well, Philip then went down to the water, and after he had washed out the stomach nicely with soft soap, he put it out in the sun to dry. In the meantime Philip sat down beside a hemlock stump, filled his pipe and just as he was about to light it, he saw how a couple of muskrats were disappearing in the Saugeen River with Ground-hog George's stomach.

Now let me tell you, Mister Glockemann, the situation was critical. Philip came back and howled like a watch-dog, and the doctor stood there like a child beside a broken coffee cup and said that the poor fellow would now have to die, for without a stomach he could not wander around in this world.

"Doctor," I said, "it just occurs to me, that the butcher over in the village butchered the Lame-Stallion-Driver's old billy goat yesterday to make bologna out of him, and I saw how he threw that animal's stomach into the brine."

"All right," the doctor then said, "a stomach Ground-hog George must have, no matter of what kind."

* * *

Philip then quickly slipped over to Neustadt on one of the nurses' bicycles and fetched the billy goat's stomach. The doctor then first rubbed it down (I mean the stomach and not Philip) with red pepper and wild-goose goose grease, so that it got nice and warm, and then glued it into the place of the original stomach and sewed the abdomen up again.

Poor Ground-hog George put in quite a time before he got better again, and since we didn't tell him what happened during the operation, he certainly didn't know anything about it. He is again all right and as jolly as a lousy little pig. Yesterday, however, when he was over at our house, he said:

"Joe, I don't know what's the matter with me since I am better again, but I have constantly an appetite for turnip leaves, tomato cans, clover, rubber boots and everything green."

"Yes," I said, "that is no surprise to me, since we sewed the stomach of the Lame Stallion-Driver's billy goat into your gizzard that time of the operation."

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz I wish him the same, too.

J.K., Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.



KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 28. November 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Die Weibsleid sin hinnerdraus am Kerbeerlattwergkoche, un do ich un mei Hund Dänger ganz allenig hinnig am warmer Kicheoffe hocke, bin ich zu der Kankluschun kumme, zum Zeitvertreib dir widder emol en poor Leins zu drappe.

Sidder meiner letschter Karreschpondenz im Summer, is do howe rum net abbadig viel gehäppend. Ich hab so en Noschen ghat, den Herbscht 's Faundeschun for en neier Hinkelschtall im neckschte Summer baue zu losse, hab awer die Eidie uffgewe misse, weil die Zeite zu schlecht sin un die Maurer net meh wisse, was sie charger solle. Wie ich des der Särah gsagt hab, mehnt die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre ältschte is, ob ich dann ken Freimaurer engetscher kennt, for die Erwert zu mache.

Do mir grad fun der Särah schwetze, musz ich dich doch wisse losse, dasz es ihr die letscht Zeit dober net gor arig gut geht. Sie hot kerzlich so en schlimm Kalt gekätscht, dasz es for en Fäkt härly meh zu schtände wor. Ihr Nas wor so dick ufgschwolle, dasz die Haut fascht verblatzt is, un sie hot ausgeguckt, wie en zeidige gehlrothe Gugummer im Herbscht.

• • •

Sie hot nix meh rieche kenne, net emol ihr Sauerkraut, was doch abbadig viel sage will. Sie hot jede Dag en Schissle voll Wildgansgensfett gejuhst, un do des in der lange Zeit gehl un hart worre is, hot sie 's mit Lawendeldrobbe gemickst, so dass es widder saft un schee weis worre is.

Jeder Morger hot die Mildred for der Schul in's Schtettel misse, um for drei Cent fun denne Drobbe zu hole un dann mit em Wildgansgensfett zu mickse. Wann awer die Klee als en Kupper for en Alldäysucker hawe wott, hot die Alt immer gmehnt, sie soll juscht froh sei, dasz mir sie fittere diehn. Do hot zuletscht der Deiwel die klee Krott doch solang geblogt, bis sie schtatt mit Wildgansgensfett, der Särah ihr Schissle mit meim alter, weecher un duftiger Limburgerkäs gfillt hot, juscht um en kleene Trick zu schpieler.

Of kohrs, die Särah hot's net rieche kenne, un do seller Nomidag driwe bei's Grundsaujergs en Quilting Bee wor, zu dere alle Weibsleid un Meed in der Nochborschaft eiglade wore, hot sich die Särah en extrae Dohs Limburger in's Gsicht geschmiert. Ich hab driwer an der Scheier gschtanne, wie sie en schort Kot iwer die Felder gnumme hot un hab gwunnert, warum der Dänger der Schwanz zwische die Beeh nemmt un so hunswidderlich heile duht.

• • •

Wie die Särah dann bei's Grundsaujergs die Bell gerunge hot, is ehns fun der Meed kumme. Es hot awer noch ken Sekend gnumme, bis die "Pfui Deiwel" gkrische un ihr die Diehr for der Nas zugschlage hot. Dodrufhi is awer die Särah wild worre un hot so hart of die Diehr gedengelt, bis die Grundsaujergsin selwert kumme is.

"Hau du ju du?" hot sie gsagt, um sich im nechschte Aageblick awer ah schun die Nas mit alle zwee Hend zuzuhewe. Die Särah wor ästonished, is awer doch in die Sitting Ruhm, wo die annere Lädis um der Quilt rum ghockt hen.

Kens fun denne Weibsmensche awer hot's Maul ufgmacht, do die Alt so ferchterlich gschmellt hot. Ball wor die ganz Schtub voll fun Limburger Perfum, bis zuletscht die Lahmhengschtdreiweren gsagt hot:

"Sell is die Limit! Blease excuse mich, Mrs. Klotzkopp, awer ich kanns meiner Seits nimme länger schtände, weil du so arig schtinke duscht."

Dodruf hi hen all die annere Lädies un Weibsleid, wo present wore, zusamme gekrische:

"Es is en Schand un en Insult, dasz unser echtdeitsche Quilting Bee mit so ehm gaschtige Schmell interropted werd."

• • •

Dann hot die Handkehsmichelsin der Flohr gnumme un gmehnt:

"Mrs. Klotzkopp, es wer sertenly besser for dich gweszt, schatt do riwer zu kumme, um Poi, Kuche, Preservs und Kaffee zu sponscher, wann du dir vorher dei Maul, Zähn un Fiesz mit Schmierseef gwesche hettscht!"

Dodruf hi hot awer die Särah ihr Eirisch ufkrickt, weil sie so innosent un unschuldig wor wie en jung Schoff. Zuerscht hot sie en Räcket grehst, un is dann heemgsegelt kumme. Ich wor grad in der Kich, un wie sie mir um der Hals falle wott, is mir der Schmell ah schun in die Nas kumme, un ich hab gszniest, dasz der Blosbalk fascht verblatzt is.

Jetzt is mir en Ladern ufgange, un ich hab ihr gsagt, dasz sie ihr Gsicht im Mischtäk mit Limburger schtatt mit Wildgansgensfett eigschmiert ghat het. Ah ihr is en Seefesieder kumme, un sie hot ah glei gwiszt, wer ihr der Trick gschpielt hot.

Ich wees, du dehtscht nau noch gleiche zu wisse, was der arme Mildred bassirt is? Well, alles was ich zu sage hab, is

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Ich hab ghert, dasz selle Owert, wie du fun der Leckschun in South Bruce noch Berlin kumme bischt, der Schmalz dich an der Station mit ehme Blumeschtrausz aus Kraut- und Rettichbletter, Saudischtler, Wermuth un Brennesel gmieht hot, un sie dich dann uf ehme ehnreddriger Automobil heemgfahre hen.

Juhrs mit Gries, J.K. Esq.

Neustadt, November 28, 1913

Mister Glockemann:

The womenfolk are out back of the house boiling pumpkin-apple butter and since I and my dog, Danger, are sitting all alone behind the warm kitchen stove, I have come to the conclusion to drop you a few lines again just to pass the time.

Since my last correspondence during the summer not much has happened up around here. I had a bit of a notion to have a foundation laid for a new hen stable which I want to build next summer, but I had to give up the idea because the times are so bad and the masons don't know anymore what they want to charge. When I told Sarah that Mildred, who is the eldest daughter of my Lizzie, wondered whether I couldn't engage a Free Mason, to do the work.

Since we are just now talking about Sarah, I must tell you, that she is lately not well at all. She recently caught such a terrible cold that it was in fact almost unbearable for us. Her nose was swollen up so big that the skin almost burst, and it looked like a ripe, yellow-red cucumber in the fall.

• • •

She couldn't smell anything any more, not even her sauerkraut — which certainly means something. She used a little dish of wild-goose goose grease every day, and since it has gotten hard and yellow through age she mixed it with lavender drops, so that it became soft again and beautifully white.

Every morning before school Mildred had to go to town to get three cents worth of those drops and then mix them with the wild-goose goose grease. When, however, the little one wanted a cent for an all-day sucker, the old lady always said she should be glad that we feed her. But the devil finally tempted the little wretch so long that she filled Sarah's little dish with my old, soft and aromatic limburger cheese instead of wild-goose goose grease, just to play a little trick.

Of course Sarah couldn't smell it, and since there was a quilting bee that afternoon over at Ground-hog George's place to which all the womenfolk and girls in the neighborhood were invited, Sarah smeared an extra dose of limburger on her face. I was standing over at the barn as she took a short cut across the fields and wondered why Danger put his tail between his legs and yowled so horribly.

• • •

When Sarah rang the bell at Ground-hog George's place, one of the girls came to the door. It took only a second before she screamed "pfui," and slammed the door in front of her face. Thereupon, however, Sarah became so enraged and pounded so hard on the door until Ground-hog George's wife herself came.

"How do you do," she said, but in the next moment she too put both her hands over her nose. Sarah was astonished, nevertheless, she went into the sitting room, where the other ladies were sitting around the quilt.

Not one of those women however, opened her mouth since the old lady smelled so horribly. Soon the whole room was filled with limburger perfume, until finally the Lame-Stallion-Driver's wife said:

"This is the end! Please excuse me, Mrs. Klotzkopp, but I can't stand it any longer, because you stink so terribly."

At that all the other ladies and womenfolk, who were present, shouted in unison:

"It is a shame and an insult, that our genuine German quilting bee is being interrupted by such an infamous smell."

Then Hand-cheese Mike's wife took the floor and said:

"Mrs. Klotzkopp, it certainly would have been better for you, if you had washed your mouth, teeth and feet with soft soap instead of coming over here to sponge on our pie, cakes, preserves and coffee!"

• • •

At that, however, Sarah got up her Irish because she was as innocent and guiltless as a lamb. At first she raised a racket, and then came sailing home. I was just in the kitchen, and when she wanted to embrace me, the smell already came into my nose too, and I sneezed that my lungs almost exploded.

Now I began to see the light and I said to her that she had smeared her face in error with limburger instead of with wild-goose goose grease. Now she too tumbled to the situation, and she knew right away who had played the trick on her.

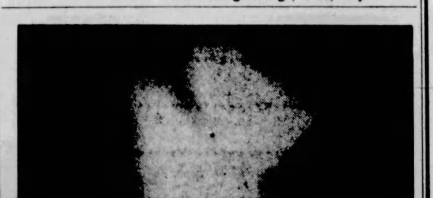
I know, you would now like to know what happened to poor Mildred? Well, all I have to say is,

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—I heard that when you came to Berlin that evening from the election in South Bruce that Mr. Schmalz met you at the station with a bouqeut of cabbage and beetleaves, sow thistles, wormwood and stinging nettles, and then drove you home on a one-wheeled automobile (fence rail).

Yours with greetings, J. K., Esq.



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RITTINGER

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KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 19. Dezember 1913

Mister Glockemann!

Geschtern wor ich in der Neischtadt un hab dei Chrischtmeszbresent per Freht an der Schmalz gschickt, un wann er die Korreschpondenz lese sott, duh ich ihn requester, des Bresent am Owet for Chrischtdag uf seim Schubkarrich nuf an dei Haus zu bringe.

Of kohrs, es dehts net duh, for dir zu sage, was des Bresent is, juscht so viel will ich dir zu wisse duh, dasz die Mildred drei Schtund lang es schenscht Gerschte- und Haverstroh rausgepickt hot, wo sie im Schtrohschtock hot finne kenne, un dasz die Särah mit ihrer egene schteifer Rheumatis-Finger der Sack selwert gneht hot.

Ich inschpeckt sertenly ken Bresent fun dir, awer ich wott du dehtscht mir en Breislischt schicke fun billiger Belzkappe, Hensching un Filzschtiffel, do die beim Holzfahrer noch der Neischtadt allerweil arig hendig kumme dehte. Ich hab dir ah en poor Werscht schicke welle; die henge awer noch im Schmokhaus un sin noch net ganz reif. Es kummt grad uf die Breislischt ah, ob du selle Werscht kriegscht oder net.

* * *

Wie ich dann fun der Steschun ins Schtettel kumme bin, hab ich mich beim Loui hinnig der warme Offe ghockt, un es hot ah net lang gedauert, bis der Lewerknödelsepp rei kumme is. Sei Frah is ihm for drei Munat gschtorwer un es erscht Ding, was er mir gsagt hot, wor, dasz er letscht Woch widder gheiert het. Wie ich ihn gfrogt hab, wer dann egendlich des glicklich Weibsmensch wär, das jetzt Schtiefmutter zu seiner siewer rothhooriger sunnefleckliger Ranger sei derft, hot er gmehnt: "Mei Schwegerin, die Lisbeth."

"For gracious Säke," hab ich gsagt, "wie zum Schinner kummscht du dann dazu, die alt Schachtel zu deim Ehegeschponst zu mache, gaschtiger un dreckiger kenne sie jo die Hund net uf em Eis zusammeschleefer, un noch en Ding, will ich dir sage, Sepp, alle Weibsleit sin wie en alter Latwergkessel, je elter sie werre, desto meh welle sie gbutzt sei."

"Guck, Jo," hot er dann gmehnt, "sell is jo allreid, was du do sagscht, awer ich hab gedenkt, ich heier die Lisbeth, un schpor mir den Druwel, en neie Schwiegermutter eizubreche."

Arig häppy scheint der Lewerknödelsepp awer net gweszt zu sei, er hot ausgeguckt, als ob er am Dodergräwer fun der Schaufel ghobst wär. Er hot dreimol hinnig ananner getriet un ich hab so bei mir selwert gedenkt, wann der Sepp sich jedesmol en Zah miszt rausrobbe losse, eb er en Schnaps drinke derft, wer er ah besser ab, un vielleicht ich un en dehl annere Leit, wo ich kenn, ah.

* * *

Mister Glockemann, mehnscht net, des wär en gude Argement for die Bromoders fun Local Option, dasz so en Lah gepäszt deht wäre?

Uf em Heemweg hab ich dann iwig die Chrischtdagszeite vor 35 Johr nochgedenkt, un do is mir ah mei erschtes un ehnzig Chrischtmeszbresent eigfalle, was ich mir jemols gekaaft hab, un des is so ghäppend:

Wie ich un die Särah erscht gheiert wore, hen mir driwer an der South Lein uf ehre 50 Acker Farm ghaust, wo ich grennt ghat hab. Mir wore so arm wie die Kerchemeis un alles was die Särah hot koche kenne, wore Fisch. For kammen wore 's Sockers, fun denne ich als ganz Bärlvoll drunner im Saugeen mit meim Dippnet gfange hab.

Nix wie Sockers hen mir ghat, morgerts, middags un owerts, un ich glab for en Fäkt, es kummt noch fun dem viele Fischesse dozumols her, dasz die Neischtedtler mich heit noch der dorschtig alt Socker heesze.

Wie ich dann emol am Dag vor Chrischdag mit ehre Lood Fenzriegel uf der Markt in Walkerton gfahre bin, hab ich beim alter Joe Reichenbach alle Sorte Werscht im Fenschter henge sehne. Ich bin nei un hab mir so about 1½ Yard Wieners gekaaft, un mit heemgnumme. Am neckschte Morge, eb ich in die Kerich bin, hab ich der Särah gsagt, sie sott selle Werscht for's Middagsesse pripäre.

* * *

"Joe," mehnt sie, "ich hab mei Lebdag noch ken Werscht gekocht un wees net, wie sie herzurischte."

"Des is ganz simbel," hab ich gsagt, "du brotscht sie grad so wie die Fisch un sell is all, was du zu mache brauscht."

"Allreid," mehnt sie, "ich denk ich bin ebel, for sell zu duh."

Ich wees net, wann mir die Kerich so lang vorkumme is, wie seller Chrischdag Morge, do ich mich so merikwerdig uf mei Werscht gfreit hab. Wie ich dann heem kumme hin, hot die Särah gsagt,

"Geh mir aweg mit deiner dutch sausages! Es is kenn Wunner, dasz du so dinn un mager bischt, dasz ma mehnt, du werscht driwer in Vielnethig ufgebrocht worre, wo die Schpatze in der Ernt verrecke!"

"Was, der Beddel is dann los," hab ich wisse welle.

"Well, ich will dir's proofe," hot sie gsagt. Mit sellem is sie naus gange un is glei druff mit eme Kaffeeblettle voll gebrotener Derm reikumme.

"Schockschwernoth!" hab ich gekrische, "was hoscht du dann egentlich mit meiner scheener Werscht gmacht?"

* * *

"Ei, du alter Dabbes, hoscht du mir net gsagt, ich sott die Wieners grad so koche wie die Fisch?"

"Sertenly," hab ich gänsert.

"Well," mehnt sie, "des hab ich joh ah geduh. Ich hab die Inseits aus denne Werscht rausgnumme un in der Schlappkiwel for die Sei gschmisse, die Derm dann gebutzt, gsalze un gekocht, un des is alles, was jetzt fun deine Werscht iwrig is."

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Do des die letscht Korreschpondenz is, was ich dir des Johr schreib, winsch ich dir un em Schmalz en häppy Nuh Year un

Noch so viel gute Johr,
Wie der Fuchs am Schwanz hot Hoor.

Neustadt December 19, 1919

Mister Glockemann:

Yesterday I was in Neustadt and sent a Christmas present by freight to Mr. Schmalz. If he should read this correspondence I request of him that he bring the present to your house on Christmas eve with the wheelbarrow.

Of course it wouldn't do to tell you what the present is, but I'd like to tell you this much, that Mildred picked out the most beautiful barley and oat straw which she could find in the straw stack, and that Sarah with her own stiff rheumatism-fingers sewed the bag.

I certainly do not expect a present from you, but I wish you would send me a price list of cheap fur caps, gloves and felt slippers, as they would come in very handy when hauling wood to Neustadt. I also wanted to send you a couple of sausages, but they are still hanging in the smoke-house and are not quite ready. It depends directly on the price list as to whether you are going to get those sausages or not.

* * *

When I then got from the station to town, I sat down behind the stove at Louis' Hotel. It wasn't long before Liver-Dumpling Joe came in. His wife died on him three months ago, and the first thing that he told me was that he had married again last week. When I asked him who the lucky woman was who might now be the stepmother of his seven red-haired, freckled scamps, he answered: "My sister-in-law, Lizzie."

"For gracious sake," I said, "how in thunderation did you manage to make that old hag your new marriage partner. An uglier and dirtier one the dogs could not drag together on the ice, and another thing I want to tell you, Joe, all women are like an old apple butter kettle — the older they get, the more they have to be cleaned."

"Look, Joe," he then said, "what you say is all right, but I thought I would marry Lizzie and save myself the trouble of breaking in a new mother-in-law."

* * *

But Liver-Dumpling Joe didn't seem to be particularly happy. He looked as if he had jumped off the grave-digger's shovel. He treated three times in succession, and I thought to myself if Joe would have to have a tooth pulled out every time before he was allowed to drink a whisky, he would be better fixed and perhaps I would be too, and that goes for some other people whom I know.

Mister Glockemann, don't you think that would be a good argument for the promoters of local option for having such a law passed.

On the way home I reflected on the Christmas days of 35 years ago, and I then too remembered also my first and only Christmas present that I ever bought for myself, and that happened in this way:

When I and Sarah were first married we lived over on the South Line on a 50-acre farm, which I had rented. We were as poor as church mice, and all that Sarah could cook was fish. Usually they were suckers, of which I used to catch whole barrels full in the Saugeen with my dip net.

* * *

We had nothing but suckers morning, noon and evening, and I believe in fact that it stems from my much fish eating at that time that the Neustadt people still call me today the thirsty old sucker.

When I drove that time on the day before Christmas to the Walkerton market with a load of fence rails, I saw all kinds of sausages hanging in old Joe Reichenbach's shop window. I went in and bought about 1½ yards of wieners for myself, and took them home with me. The next morning before I went to church, I told Sarah she sould prepare those sausages for dinner.

"Joe," she said, "I haven't cooked sausages in my whole life, and I don't know how to prepare them."

"That is quite simple," I said, "you fry them just like fish, and that is all you have to do."

"All right," she said, "I think I am able to do that."

I can't remember when church seemed to last as long as that Christmas morning, since I was looking forward with such pleasure to my sausages. When I then came home, Sarah said:

"A plague on your dutch sausages! It is no wonder that you are so haggard and thin that people think you were raised over in Poorville, where the sparrows die in harvest time!"

"What in thunderation is up," I wanted to know.

* * *

"Well, I'll prove it to you," she said. With that she went out and soon after came back with a saucer filled with fried casings.

"Confound it!" I shouted, "what did you do with my beautiful sausages?"

"Why, you old idiot, didn't you tell me that I should cook wieners just like fish?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Well," she said, "that's what I did. I took the insides out of those sausages and threw them into the garbage pail for the pigs. I then cleaned the casings, salted and cooked them, and that is everything that is now left of the sausages."

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Since this is the last correspondence that I am writing in this year I am wishing you and Mr. Schmalz a Happy New Year and

As many years may well you fare,
As a fox in his bushy tail has hair.

J.K., Esq.



Political Scientists

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Berliner Journal.

Neistadt, 3. Tschänuäry 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Ich bin zu der Konkluschen kumme, dasz ich Johre lang 's grescht Kameel in der vier Townships do bowe rum wor. Ersch jetzt, in meiner alder Dege, is mir en Seefesieder ufgange, wie ich schnell un uhne en Schtreech zu schaffe, schteerreich werre kann.

Wann du, Mister Glockemann, kenn so blutarmer Dropp wersch, dehlt ich dich in mei Skiem mitneinemme, so awer muscht du hausbleiwer, un 's gschied dir ah recht, warum hoscht du in deiner junge Johre net ah gschport un 's zu ebbes gebrocht?

Ich hab an der Schmalz, der Weichel un noch en Dehl fun eirer Kabitalischter in Schmierkäs-County gschriewe, for Schtack in meiner neier Enterpreis zu nemme. Wann du witt, mach ich dich zu meim Sekretäry, mit $1.35 der Dag; sell ist änyhow mehner wie du allewell verdiehnscht. Unner kenner Sirkumschtänses awer mach ich dich zu meim Drescherer.

* * *

Der Abtschecht fun meiner neier Inwenschun un Kumbani is, en grosse Katzefarm uf der hinnere 25 Acker fun meiner Bauerei zu schtarte. Mir inschpekte so about 100,000 Katze zu kollekter, un dasz jede Katz im Johr zwölf Junge kriegt. Die Haut verkaafe mir fun 10 Cents 's Stick for weisze, bis nuf uf 75 Cents for schwarze, grohe, gehle und scheckige.

Mir inschpekte, dasz mir so about 12,000,000 Katzeheid im Johr zu verkaafe hen, die im Aeveritsch 30 Cents 's Schtick bringe, so dasz unser Einkommes about $10,000.00 der Dag is.

En Mann, mit $2.00 Lohn der Dag, sott ebel sei, 50 Katze im Dag 's Fell abzuzieger. Es nemmt about 100 Männer for die Farm zu runner, so dasz der Netprofit in der Nachborschaft fun $9,800.00 der Dag sei sott. Wann du net die Posischun fun meim Sekretäry nemme witt, kenne mir dir vielleicht en annere Tschab uf der Farm gewe, do geexpierienste Katzemänner verlangt were.

Die Neischtedtler freier sich allerweil schun wie die Schneekenig, dasz widder en neie Industrie do gschtärt werd, un der Rent is schun am Nufgeh. Der Loui inschpekt änyhow so about 50 Koschtgänger zu kriege, un der Hüther macht jetzt schun Brebereschuns for mehner Wasser in sei Brauerei zu runne un mehner Hoppeschtange zu kaafe.

* * *

Wann ich juscht die Eidie schun vor 30 Johr ghat het, wo ich un die Särah den grosze Reichdumm noch entschoier hette kenne, schtatt jetzt, wo mir alle beed Rhumatiskrippel sin. Awer newer meind, des werd bjutiful, wann ich im neckschte Summer als owerts mei Akkordion schpiel un die 100,000 Katze im Chorus mit neischtimme, do werd dann Tschoi un Exseitment uf Meileweit in der Nochborschaft sei.

Ich sag dir awer, Mister Glockemann, die Neischtedtler heesze mich nimme der geizig un dorschtig alt Socker. Ich bin sozusage schun Hahne im Korb, oder, was jetzt besser sound, Kater fun der Ränch. Wie ich am Neijohrsmorger beim Loui vor der Kerich mei Morgenschnaps gedrunke ghat hat, un in mei leer Pocketbuch guck un nix drin seh, hab ich zu ihm gsagt,

"Loui, was is der Juhs, dasz ma sich en Dahlerbill will tschänger losse, wann ma kenns hot?"

"Never meind, Joe," hot er gänsert, "seller Schnaps werd net ufgschriewe, seh juscht, dasz dei Katzefarm ball in Gang kummt."

Doraus kannscht du sehne, dasz mei Kredit a schun am Nufgeh is.

* * *

Um awer widder uf mei Texscht zurickzukumme, wie die Brediger als sage: Die Katze fittere mir mit Ratte, un die Ratte mit der dohter un abgezogener Katze, so dasz jede Ratt en Fertel fun ehre Katz der Dag kriegt. Um des zu duh, schtärte mir uf der annere 10 Acker fun meiner Bauerei en Rattefarm. Die Ratte multipleier sich vier Mol so schwift wie die Katze, un wann mir mit 100,000 Ratte schtärte, hen mir vier Ratte der Dag for jede Katz, was sertenly blenty sei sott.

Aus denne Fickers kannscht du sehne, dasz mei nei Bisnesz self acting un atomatick is: Die Katze fresse die Ratte, die Ratte fresse die Katze un mir hen die Heid.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Sohl Propreitor und Managing Director fun der Saugeen Valley Katze- und Ratte-Farm, Limited.

Neustadt, January 3, 1914

Mister Glockemann:

I have come to the conclusion that for years I have been the biggest simpleton in the four townships up here. Only now in my advanced years has a light dawned on me how I could without working a stroke become as rich as Croesus.

If you, Mister Glockemann, were not such a poor wretch, I would make you a partner in my scheme. But as it is I can't take you in and it serves you right too, why didn't you save in your younger years and make something out of yourself?

I have written to Mr. Schmalz, Mr. Weichel and several more of your capitalists in Cottage Cheese County to buy shares in my new enterprise. If you would like it I'll make you my secretary at $1.35 per day. That is anyhow more than you are earning now. Under no circumstances, however, will I make you my treasurer.

* * *

The object of my new invention and company is to start a large cat farm on the back 25 acres of my farm. We expect to collect about 100,000 cats, and that every cat will have 12 kittens per year. The skins we'll sell for 10 cents a piece for white ones, up to 75 cents for black, grey, yellow and spotted ones.

We expect we will have about 12,000,000 cat skins to sell per year which will fetch on the average 30 cents a piece, so that our income will be about $10,000 per day.

A man, with a wage of $2 per day, should be able to skin 50 cats per day. It will take about 100 men to run the farm, so that the net profit per day should be in the neighborhood of $9,800. If you don't want to take the position of secretary to me, we can perhaps give you another job on the farm, as experienced catmen are required.

The people of Neustadt are already now as happy as larks that again a new industry is being started there, and the rents are already going up. Louis expects to get at least 50 boarders, and Huether is already making preparations to run more water into his brewery and to buy more hop-poles.

* * *

If I had only gotten the idea 30 years ago, when I and Sarah could have enjoyed this enormous wealth, instead of now when both of us are crippled with rheumatism. But never mind, it will be beautiful when I play my accordion on evenings next summer, and the 100,000 cats join in the chorus. That will then bring joy and excitement for miles around in the neighborhood.

But I'll tell you, Mister Glockemann, the people of Neustadt don't call me the stingy and thirsty old sucker any more. I am so to speak rooster in the basket, or which sounds better now, tomcat from the ranch. When I had drunk my morning whisky before the church service at Louis' Hotel on New Year's morning, and looked into my empty wallet and saw nothing in it, I said to him:

"Louis, what is the use, that you want to have a dollar bill changed if you don't have one?"

"Never mind, Joe," he answered, "that whisky will not be charged. Just see to it that your cat farm will soon be running."

* * *

From that you can see that my credit is already on the upgrade.

But to come back to my text, as the preachers always say: we'll feed the cats rats, and the rats with the dead and skinned cats, so that every rat will get a quarter of a cat every day. To do this we'll start a rat farm on the other 10 acres of my farm. The rats multiply four times as rapidly as the cats, and if we start with 100,000 rats, we'll have four rats per day for every cat, which should certainly be enough.

From these figures you can see that my new business is self acting and automatic: the cats eat the rats, the rats eat the cats and we have the skins.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Sole proprietor and managing director of the Saugeen Valley Cat and Rat Farm, Limited.

Olivier Has Tumor on Gland



LONDON (Reuters) — Actor Sir Laurence Olivier, suffering a small tumor on the prostate gland, will undergo treatment for the next three weeks, it was

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The Letters of
JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 15. Tschänuäry 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Neligkeete sin alleweil do hewe rum so rar, wie Dahlerbills in mein Packetbuch; ich will dir awer die Woch doch en dehl Nuhs schicke, die dei Korreschpondents als vergesse diehn:

Der Grundsaujerg un sei Frah, die schepp Kathrine, die wie Hund un Katze zusammelewe, hen der anner Dag widder en arig Räcket ghat, do sie net so harmonjousle und lieblich zusamme lewe wie ich un die Särah. (Wer lacht do widder so dreckig?)

Aenyhow, es is fun Dag zu Dag schlimmer werre, bis der Jerg sei Meind ufgmacht hot, zum Brediger zu geh, um sich Roth zu hole, do er $4.25 Parrishn 's Johr bezahlt. Der Brediger hot in seim Schtiwle ghockt un wie der Jerg sei Elend verzehlt hot, hot der Brediger alles in seiner Power browirt, ihn zu perswehder, mit der Kathrine widder ufzumache. Der Jerg hot awer net welle, weil die Kathrine ganz un gor zu viel Gift und Gall schpucke deht.

Iwig dem viele Hi- und Herschwetzer is die Zeit vergange, bis korz noch 12 Uhr ehns fum Brediger seiner kleener Buwe der Kopp darch die Diehr schteckt un sagt: "Vater 's Esse is redy." Der Alt hot awer juscht der Kopp genickt un dann weider gebabbelt.

Noch zeh Minute kummt en annere kleener Oehlzweig un ruft: "Vater, mir worte all uf dich!" Nach zeh Minute is en annere kleener Keip mit der sehme Riquest kumme. Dann awer hot die Bredigerin selwert ihr Aeppierenz gemacht un gkrische:

"Wann du jetzt net glei zum Esse kummscht, schmeisz ich die Brodworscht un 's Sauerkraut zum Fenschter naus." Der Krach fun der zugschlagener Diehr hot geprooft, dasz sie Bisnesz mehnt.

Dodruf mehnt der Grundsaujerg, der seiner Frah immer noch net vergewe hot welle: "Guck, Mister Brediger, grad so en alde Hex is die Kathrine ah!"

• • •

Der Handkehsmichel hot die Sucht, dasz er alle poor Woche en neier Wille macht, den die Schulmisz ihm als rausschreiwe musz. Ich wett druf, er hot änyhow so about 50 bis 60 fun denne Dakjuments an Hand.

Ich wees net, was der Särah ins Kreiz gfloge is, do sie die letscht Zeit alfad hinnig mir her is, dasz ich ah mei Wille mache sott. Dofu awer will ich nix wisse, do ich noch kenn Gluschter zum Schterwe hab, un ah net fiel hinnerlosse deht, exsept dasz die Katzefarm allreid austurned sott.

Wie sie vorgeschter widder hinnig mir wor un ich sie net los hab werre kenne, hab ich ihr gsagt, "geh niwer zum Handkehsmichel un hol dir en Armvoll Wille, der hot sie haufeweis uf seim Schpeicher rumfahre." Sidder sellem is widder Ruh in der Schänte.

• • •

Wie der Blutworschtnatz am letschter Sundag Morger Kindlingholz gschplitt hot, for 's Feier im Kicheoffe zu schtärter, hot er sich fascht der ganz Daume abghackt. Wie der Gensfettjockel des drunner beim Loui gheert hot, mehnt er: "Des kummt dafu, wann ma Sundags schaffe duht!"

Ma braucht der Gensfettjockel awer net arig sirious zu nemme, do er kenn arig groszer Freind fum Schaffe is, weder am Sundag noch an ergends am eh annere Dag in der Woch.

• • •

Der Nudelsuppkaschper wor der anner Dag in Vielnethig un is mit em Schwademagehannes in en arig Räcket kumme, die domit geend hot, dasz der Kaschper am Hannes en Boddel iwig der Kopp geschlage hot, dasz ihm (ich mehn der Hannes) Heere un Sehe vergange is. Wie der Hannes dann schpet nachts heem kumme is, mehnt er zu seiner Frah: "Alte, ziehg mir den Scherwer do aus em Schedel!"

"Ja, glabscht du alder Lump, dasz ich for sell aus meim warme Bett ufschteh?"

"Mir kanns recht sei," mehnt dodruf der Hannes, "awer des sag ich dir, dasz ich morger frieh nix heere will, wann 's Koppekisse widder verrisse is."

• • •

Der Hochmuth unnig der Weibsleid is heitzudags doch noch grad so arig wie sellermohls, wo die Eva die Schneeebbel im Baamgarter fum Paradies als noch gepickt hot. Do kerzlich Sundags wor ich un die Särah in der Kerich, un hen unser Umbrell vergesse. Wie mir dann uf em Heemweg fum Rege surpreist worre sin, hot sie, uhne viel Weses zu mache, sich simble der Frack iwer ihr Bannet gschlage.

"Särah," hab ich gsagt, "du kriegscht nasse Fiesz."

"Ach, was macht sell aus," hot sie gmehnt, "ich hab mei Fiesz schun 65 Johr, un mei neier Bannet erscht seit der Chrischdag!"

• • •

Der Kuddelfleckphilip hot die Dispepsie am seim Mage, so änyhow sagt der Doktor, un der sott's wisse. Er hot ihm gerothe, nachts for em Bettgeh ken kalte Brodworscht un heeszer Minzpoi meh zu esse, un hot ihm 50 Cents for the Aedweis getschärtscht.

Der Philip awer hot net for der Aedweis bezahlt, weil er ihn net gnumme hot. Er sagt, er kennt uhne Brodworscht un heeszer Minzpoi nachts net gut schlofe.

• • •

Der anner Dag is die Mildred fun der Schul heemkumme un hot zu mir gsagt: "Grändpah, was träwellt schwifter, die Hitz oder die Kelt?"

Ich hab gsagt, ich geb's uf, un dodruf mehnt sie: "Ei die Hitz, to be schur, weil ma en Kalt kätscher kann."

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Do ich wees, dasz die Drucker Summers un Winters kenn Schtrimp wehre, hab ich dir en poor schwarze Katzeheid geschickt, die du bei dere Kelt allerweil, um dei Fiesz wickler kannscht. Am Schmalz un am Weichel hab ich zwee weisze Katzefelle geschenkt, aus denne sie sich Ohrlappe mache losse kenne. Ich hab am Weichel ah en Boddelvoll Wildganzgensfett schicke welle, awer sell wor net nesessäry, do sei Zung bis jetzt noch ken Schmieres braucht.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, January 15, 1914

Mister Glockemann:

At the moment news is as rare up here as dollar bills in my wallet. But I am going to send you a bit of news, however, which your correspondents have overlooked:

Groundhog George and his wife, Crooked Catherine, who live together like dog and cat, had a terrible racket again the other day since they don't live together as harmoniously and beautifully as I and Sarah. (Who is laughing so dirtily again?)

Anyhow it got worse from day to day, until George made up his mind to go to the preacher for advice, since he pays $4.25 every year to the preacher's salary. The preacher was sitting in his little room, and when George had recited his misery, the preacher did everything in his power to persuade him to make up with Catherine again. But George didn't want to, because Catherine spat altogether too much poison and ugliness.

While they were arguing the case the time passed, until shortly after 12 o'clock one of the preacher's small boys stuck his head in the door and said: "Dad, lunch is ready." The old fellow just nodded and then babbled on.

After 10 minutes another little hopeful came and called: "Dad, we're all waiting for you!" After another 10 minutes another little rascal came with the same request. But then the preacher's wife herself came and shouted:

"If you don't come to lunch right away, I'll throw the fried sausages and the sauerkraut out the window." The bang of the slammed door was proof that she meant business.

To that Groundhog George, who still did not want to forgive his wife, said: "Look, preacher, Catherine is exactly an old witch like that!"

• • •

Hand-cheese Mike has the urge to make a new will every couple of weeks. The schoolmarm has to write them out for him. I'd bet on it that he has at least 50 or 60 of these documents on hand.

I don't know what has gotten into Sarah's head lately, that she is after me all the time to make a will too. But I have no interest in that, since I have as yet no yen to pass on, and I wouldn't leave very much either, unless the cat farm turned out all right.

When she was again after me the day before yesterday, and I couldn't get rid of her, I said to her, "Go over to Hand-cheese Mike's and get yourself an armful of wills. He's got them strewn around his upstairs in heaps." Since then we have peace again in the shanty.

• • •

When Blood-sausage Nat was splitting wood last Sunday morning to start fire in the kitchen stove, he almost cut off his whole thumb. When Goose-grease Jack heard about it at Louis' Hotel, he said: "That's what happens when you work on Sunday."

But you don't have to take Goose-grease Jack too seriously, since he is not a very serious friend of work, neither on Sunday nor on any other day of the week.

• • •

Noodle-soup Casper was in Poorville the other day and got into an awful quarrel with Head-cheese Jack, which ended when Casper hit Jack over the head with a bottle so that he (I mean Jack) was unconscious. When Jack got home late that night, he said to his wife: "Old lady, pull the slivers here out of my head!"

"What, do you old scoundrel think I'll get out of my warm bed for that?"

"All right then," Jack replied. "but I want to tell you, that I don't expect a big fuss tomorrow morning, when my bed pillow is torn up again."

• • •

Pride among womenfolk is nowadays just as rampant as it was when Eve picked the snow apples in the orchard of paradise. A short while ago I and Sarah were in church on Sunday and we forgot our umbrella. When we were on the way home a rain shower suddenly came, and Sarah without much ado simply put her dress over her bonnet.

"Sarah," I said, "you will get wet feet."

"Well, what difference does that make," she said, "I already have my feet 65 years, but my new bonnet only since Christmas!"

• • •

Philip Tripe has dyspepsia in his stomach, at least that's what the doctor says, and he ought to know. He cautioned him not to eat any cold fried sausage and hot mince pie before going to bed at night, and charged him 50 cents for his advice.

But Philip didn't pay for the advice at all, because he didn't take it. He says he can't sleep well nights without fried sausage and hot mince pie.

• • •

The other day Mildred came home from school and said to me: "Grandpa, which travels faster, heat or cold?"

I said I couldn't guess it, whereupon she said: "Well, heat, to be sure, because you can catch cold."

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Since I know that printers do not wear stockings in summer nor in winter, I have sent you a couple of cat skins which you, in this awful cold, can wrap around your feet. I presented Mr. Schmalz and Mr. Weichel with two white cat skins, out of which they can have ear flaps made. I also wanted to send Mr. Weichel a bottle of wild-goose goose grease, but it wasn't necessary, since his tongue up till now needs no lubrication.

I wish you the same, J. K. Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.



Neischtadt, 1. Martsch 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Kennscht vielleicht niemand, der den billege Dodelad gleiche deht? Der Furnitschurmann will die, wo der Grundsaujerg for die schepp Kathrine gekaaft hot, net widder zuricknemme, un der Jerg wees jetzt net, was er mit dem Ding afange soll. Er mehnt, for en Fudderdrog is sie zu deier, un sei Tschänses nemme, bis die Kathrine en Noschin nemme sott, for sich widder zu henge, will er ah net.

Do is kansequently en Tschänz, for en scheener un billiger holziger Iwerrock zu kaafe. First come, first served.

Der arm Grundsaujerg douert mich doch schun ganz abaddig, un bei dem kann ma ah sage, dasz en Gunglick selden allenig kummt. Sidder die Kathrine drunna im Schwamm ghonge hot, soffort sie so arig am Schnuppe, dasz sie härle sehne oder rieche kann.

* * *

Am letschte Samschtag Owert hot der Jerg sei Schtiffel mit Fischehl un Inschlig gschmiert, for am Sundag Morge in die Kerrich zu geh, un hot sie dann in der Offe gschtellt for zu drickler. Glei druf is die Kathrine in die Kich kumme, hot en gut Feier gemacht un die Offedehrlin zugmacht.

Wie der Jerg dann en poor Schtund schpeter kumme is, for die Schtiffel zu holer, seht er, dasz sie ganz un gor verbroter worre un ausgeguckt hen, wie en poor verhutzelte schwarze Rettig im Frihjohr. Der Jerg hot die Schtiffel in Neischtadt for der Kathrine ihrer Leicht gekaaft ghat un sie sin jetzt en total loss, do er sie net beim Schmalz in Berlin inschurt ghat hot.

Am Sundag hen sie drunner in der Kerich en speschel Kollekschun for am Brediger sei Gebordsdag ghat, un wie die Trustees nochher am Geldzehler worre, hen sie genotist, dasz en ganz Dehl Hosseknepp im Klingelbeitel worre. Wie sie des am Brediger gsagt hen, hot er juscht glacht. Owerts noch der Bredigt hot er awer die Rimark gmacht, dasz er allerweil net viel Juhs for Knepp het.

Wann awer en Dehl Members ken Geld gewe wotte, sotte sie änyhow Safety Pins in der Klingelbeitel schmeisze, do letscht Nacht driwer im Parrhaus widder en klee Bobbi akumme wär.

Die Särah hot der anner Sundag net in die Kerrich kenne. Sie hot bei dem kalte Wetter am Owert vorher ihr Schtorzeh in en Glas Wasser glegt, das bis zum neckschter Morger so solid zugfrorer wor, dasz es en poor Schtund gnumme hot, bis sie ufgedaut worre, un sie ihr Breckfescht erscht um ½10 Uhr hot nemme kenne. Es bescht dobei wor, dasz sie uhne ihrer Zeh net hot schimpfe kenne.

* * *

Hochzig! Am derrer Schpatzehannes sei Peter un 's Handkehsmichels Sussie, hen letscht Woch Händs getschoint for Seid bei Seid un bis zum Dod, dorch des irdisch Jammerdahl zu dräwler. Die Zwee hen sich erscht in Neischtadt koppulire losse welle.

Der Peter awer hot in der Zwischezeit ausgfunne, dasz in Hanover en Brediger is, der den Tschab for $1.75, schtatt $2.00, duht, un so hen sie dann der Morgedrehn gnumme un sich in Hanover zusammejoche losse. Die Sussie hot en blohseidiger Frack gworre, der aus ihrer Mutter ihrem Hochzigdresz gmacht wor. Er hot net arig gut gefit, awer er wor doch besser wie gor kenner.

In ihrer rothe Hend, die mit weiszer Bahmwollhensching gekovert worre, hot sie en Bunsch Jereniums gedrage. En Wehl hot sie kenner umghat, un ah ken Krans uf der Kopp gschpellt ghat. Der Peter hot en bloher Rock, for mit der Sussie ihrem Frack zu harmoneiser, gehle Hosse, en weiszer Kaller un en rothseidig Necktei gworre. Wie der Brediger mit der Bisnesz losgschtert hot, hen die Zwee so Bang kriegt, dasz der Peter der Ring iwig der Sussie ihrer Daumer schtatt iwig der Finger gschlippt hot. Schunscht awer is alles blesirlich ausgeturnt.

* * *

Noch der Ceremonie hot des jung, neigebacke un glicklich Poor im Werthshaus zmittag gesse un hen dann ihr Wedding Trip gschtert. Sie sin Arm in Arm naus zum Peter seim Unkel bei Elmwood gloffe, wo sie so about drei oder vier Dag uf der Bauerei bleiwe welle.

Nochdem der Honey Moon ausgschpielt is, mache sie ihr Heemerth in Normanby, wo der Peter sich beim Bohnerkreitelsepp for $15 der Munat un die Koscht, als Knecht verdunge hot. Die Sussie hot ah en gute Edikeschun un is willens, Konträckts als Scrubbing- un Wasch-Lädy, azunemme, un annere Tschabs in ihrer Lein zu duh.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—Der Auguscht hot kerzlich en neier Haund gekaaft, der voller Fleh is, so dasz er, (ich mehn der Auguscht) jetzt ah fun dem Ungeziffer zu suffere hot. Er mehnt, was ihn so bees mache deht, is, dasz der Hund der ganz lieb lang Dag nix annerscht zu duh hot, wie sich zu kratze, wogege er sei Erwet noch in der Berge duh musz.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J.K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Die Mildred is widder daheem un I tell you what, es is doch en ganz anner Lewe im Haus. Geschter hab ich ihr gsagt, dasz der Oschterhaas jetzt ball widder kummt un dodruf mehnt sie:

"Sei mir ruhig, Grändpa. Ich hab nix uf die Chrischdag kriegt, do die Grändma gsagt hot, 's Chrischtkindel wär schun so alt, un kennt nimmi so gut rumkumme wie friher, un 's erscht Ding, das ich jetzt heere werre, werd sei, dasz es uf die Oschtere ah ken Oier gebt, do der Oschterhaas verreckt is."

Es winscht dir dessehm, J.K., Esq.

Neustadt, March 1, 1914

Mister Glockemann:

Do you know anybody who would like to buy a cheap coffin? The furniture dealer doesn't want to take back the one again which Groundhog George had bought for Crooked Catherine, and George doesn't know what to do with the thing. He says it is too expensive for a feeding trough, and to take chances until Catherine will take another notion to hang herself, he doesn't want to do either.

Here is, consequently, an opportunity to buy a beautiful and cheap wooden overcoat. First come, first served.

I have pitied poor Groundhog George a great deal and for a long time, and in his case you can also say that misfortune seldom comes singly. Since Catherine hung herself down in the swamp, she suffers so terribly from the sniffles that she can hardly see or smell.

Last Saturday evening George greased his boots with fish oil and tallow to be ready to go to church on Sunday morning, and put them in the oven to dry. Soon after Catherine came into the kitchen, put on a good fire and closed the oven doors.

* * *

When George came a few hours later to get his boots, he saw that they were completely fried, and looked like a couple of dried-up black radishes in the spring. George had bought the boots in Neustadt for Catherine's funeral. They are now a total loss, as he didn't have them insured with Schmalz in Berlin.

On Sunday they had a special collection down at the church for the preacher's birthday. When the trustees were counting the money afterwards they noticed that there were very many pants' buttons in the collection bag. When they told the preacher he just laughed. In the evening after the sermon he made the remark that he didn't have much use for buttons just now.

If, however, some members did not wish to give money, they could at least throw safety pins into the collection bag as another little baby arrived over in the parsonage last night.

Sarah couldn't go to church the other Sunday. She put her store teeth in the cold weather in a glass of water the previous evening and they were frozen in so solidly by the next morning that it took a couple of hours before they were thawed out.

* * *

She couldn't as a result eat her breakfast before half-past nine. But the best thing about it was that she couldn't scold either without her teeth.

Wedding! Thin Sparrow-Jack's Peter and Hand-cheese Mike's Susie last week joined hands to travel side by side till death through this earthly vale of tears. The two first intended to be coupled in Neustadt.

Peter, however, discovered in the interval that there was a preacher in Hanover who did the job for $1.75, instead of $2, so they took the morning train and had themselves yoked together in Hanover. Susie wore a blue silk dress which had been made from her mother's wedding dress. It didn't fit particularly well, but it was better than no dress at all.

In her red hands, which were covered with white cotton gloves, she carried a bunch of geraniums. She wore no veil, and had also no wreath pinned on her head. Peter wore a blue jacket to harmonize with Susie's dress, yellow trousers, white collar and a red silk necktie.

When the preacher started up with the business, the two got so frightened that Peter slipped the ring on Susie's thumb instead of on her finger. Otherwise everything else turned out favorably.

After the ceremony the young, freshly baked and happy couple ate their dinner in the hotel, and then started out on their wedding trip. They walked arm in arm out to Peter's uncle in Elmwood, where they want to stay about three or four days on the farm.

* * *

After the honeymoon is over, they will make their home in Normanby, where Peter has taken a position as hired man at Beanstalk Joe's at $15 per month and board. Susie also has a good education, and is willing to accept contracts as scrubbing and washlady, and to do other jobs in her line.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—August has recently bought a dog which is covered with fleas so that he (I mean August) now also has to suffer from the vermin. He says that what makes him so angry is that the dog has nothing to do all day but to scratch himself, while he has to do his work in the bargain.

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Mildred is home again and I tell you what, life is again quite different at our house. Yesterday I told her that the Easter rabbit would soon be coming and to that she answered:

"Be quiet, grandpa. I got nothing at Christmas, since grandma said that Santa Claus was so old and couldn't get around as well as formerly, and the first thing that I'll hear now will be that at Eastertime I will also get no eggs because the Easter rabbit has kicked the bucket."

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

COINS

Collector Has Hope

By BILL MOTZ

Last week we moaned about coin collecting returning to the dark age of hoarder and speculator domination because schooner series, has a small date and a low mintage. Most of the 1937 dates are worn right off because of their size and are useless to collectors.

Publish Date: 12 Mar 1914

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Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 12. Martsch 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Hennt ihr in Berlin vor en Poor Woche ah so en arige Kält ghat? Do howe wor's so krimminalisch kalt, dasz ma kenn Hund hot nausjage welle, do sie withig worre werre un dann 's Vieh hette beise kenne, was en groszer Verluscht for uns Bauere geweszt wär.

Wie ich an ehns fun denne kalte Dage mit ehre Lood Bleck noch der Neischtadt gfahre bin, hab ich der Blutworschtnatz unnerwegs gedroffe un gsagt:

"Well, Natz, was denkscht du fun dere Kält? Es is 20 Digries unnig Zero heit Morge."

"Hm," mehnt er, "20 Grad unnig Null is heitzudags noch lang net so kalt, wie 10 Grad unnig Zero for about so 40 Johr rum worre."

Well, um dir die Worret zu sage, ich mach mir nix aus em Summer un der Winter is mir doch die liebscht Johrszeit, for do denke die Leit immer, ich het mei Naas verfrore.

Nuhs sin die Woch arig rar un ich hab net viel zu riporter. Drunner in der Seegmihl aber wär am Dienschdag fascht en arig Unglick basiert. Am Handkehsmichel sei Tschannie, der for kammen immer mied un hungrig is, hot am Mundag agfange dat zu schaffe. Er hot sich uf en Block ghockt, wo sie hen durchseege welle un is dodobei eigschlofe.

* * *

Zum Glück hot ihn der Baas grad noch beizeide gsehne un runnergrisse, schunscht wär er schur in Schticke gseegt worre. Sie hen ihm dann sei Lohn gewe un heemgschickt. Der Tschannie mehnt, des Seegmihl-Bisnesz wär nix for ihn, un er schloft jetzt widder im Liveryschtall.

Der Schulmeschter driwer bei Vielnethig, hot am Mundag am Dampfnudelkaschper seim David so ferchterliche Schmisz gewe, dasz er heit noch net abbadig gut annersitze kann.

Die Rison wor, dasz wie der Schulmeschter middags for en kleene Weil naus is, der David ehns fum Tietscher seiner Iwerschuh uf der Bodde gnagelt hot, un wie er ihn dann noch der Schul hot aziege welle, hen all die Kinner zu kreischer un tschierer agfange. Am ärgschter awer hot noch so about 10 Minute der David gekrischer, do am gehle Hannes sei Bewi ihn verrothe hot.

Es Lahmerhengschtdreiwers Mary Ann, die lang net so gscheit wie unser Mildred is, hot gor kenn Gluschter for in der Schul Tschakgravieh zu schtoddiere un verwechselt immer die Käpitel fun Schpehn mit der Rewer in Saud Aefrikä.

Um dem Ding abzuhelfer, hot die Schulmisz der Mary Ann en Brief an ihr Mäm mitgewe, in dem die Schulmisz die Lahmhengschtdreiwern riquestet hot, en Bissel Acht zu gewe, dasz die Klee ihr Tschagravieh Lesson es neckscht Mol besser kann. Am annere Dag awer hot die Mary Ann widder net gwiszt, dasz der St. Lawrence River in die Päcifick Oschen runner duht.

* * *

"Hot dei Mutter mei Brief net glese?" hot die Schulmisz ganz bees gfrogt.

"Schur, Schulmäm."

"Un was hot sie gsagt?"

"Die Mäm hot gmehnt, dasz sie ah kenn Tschagravieh gschtoddit un doch gheiert het, dasz mei Aunt Lizzie noch weniger gwiszt un doch en Mann gkätscht hot, dasz du awer mit all deiner Tschagravieh bis heit noch kenn Mann hoscht verwitsche kenne."

Bei der Weh! Seller Brief fum "Journal-Leser in Woolwich," in dem er mir der Kopp so arig gwesche hot, dasz er mir heit noch wie en Ihmerkorb brummt, hab ich kriegt.

Well, iwig der Gschmack loszt sich net schtreiter, wie die Wittfrah gsagt hot, wann sie als ihr alte Kuh geboszt hot. Noch en Ding, ich denk mei Dehl fun ehme Mann, wo net die Kurasch hot, sei eegner Name unnig sei Brief zu schreiwer.

Awer ich will ihn desmohl noch exqueser. Es Wetter wor so grausig kalt, dasz ihm die Finger wohrscheens schteif worre sin, so dasz er sei Name net meh hot kritzler kenne, un sich die Adresz vermuthlich im Schmidschap oder in der Abbodek hot schreiwer losse misse. Awer nix for ungut; wann der "Mister Journal Leser in Woolwich" emol noch der Neischtadt kumme sott, duh ich ihm doch die Ehr ah, en Glas Buttermilch mit ihm in der Butterfäktrie zu drinke. Prosit!

* * *

Am Samsdag wor ich un die Särah driwer bei's Schmierdonis zum Middagsesse, bei dem nix uf em Disch wor, wie Fettkuche un Schnitz, was der Särah ganz un gor net gschmecht hot, so dasz sie der ganz Nomiddag gebrutzt un an allem ebbes auszusetze ghat hot. Noch am Esse, hot der Doni uns nausgnumme, um sei junge Hutsch im Schtall zu sehne, un do sagt die Särah:

"Geh mir aweg, mit dem verkrippelter Vieh, des hot jo ganz krumme Beeh!"

"Well, Särah," hab ich gsagt, "sei juscht schee ruhig un beheef dich, ich het for en Fäkt emol dei Beeh sehne meege, wie du erscht sechs Munat ald worscht!"

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB — Am Dachhaas sei Kleener hot schun der ganz Winter en Grindkopp, so dasz ihm fascht die ganze Hoor rauskumme sin. Die Dachhaasin hot ihn kerzlich nunner zum Doktor gnumme un der hot gsagt, dasz so en Ort Bazille an dem Hoorausgeh die Schuld sei miszte.

"Jo, Mister Doktor," hot sie gmehnt, "so werd's wohl sei, for ich hab ah schun en ganz Dehl mit meim feiner Kamm uf seim Kopp gfunne!"

Es winscht dir dessehm, J.K., Esq.

Neustadt, March 12, 1914

Mister Glockemann:

Did you also have such awful cold weather in Berlin a couple of weeks ago? Up here it was so criminally cold that you wouldn't have chased a dog outside, for they would have become rabid and could have bitten the cattle, which would have been a great loss for us farmers.

When I drove to Neustadt, one of those cold days with a load of logs, I met Blood-Sausage Nat on the way and said to him:

"Well, Nat, what do you think of this cold? It is 20 degrees below zero this morning."

"Hm," he said, "20 degrees below zero is nowadays not nearly so cold as was 10 degrees below zero about 40 years ago."

Well, to tell the truth I don't care much for the summer, and winter is my favorite season, for then the people always think I had frozen my nose.

* * *

News is rare this week, and I haven't much to report. But on Tuesday there was almost a bad accident down at the sawmill. Hand-Cheese Mike's Johnny, who is usually tired and hungry, began to work there on Monday. He sat on a log which they wanted to saw up and went to sleep.

Fortunately the boss saw him just in time and pulled him away, otherwise he would have been sawn in pieces. They then gave him his pay and sent him home. Johnny says that the sawmill business is not for him, and he now sleeps as before in the livery stable.

The school teacher over at Poorville gave Vermicelli Casper's David such an awful strapping on Monday that he can't even today sit down very comfortably.

The reason was that when the teacher left the school for a little while at noon, David nailed one of the teacher's overshoes to the floor, and when he then wanted to put it on after school, all the children began to yell and cheer. But David yelled the loudest after about 10 minutes, as Yellow Jack's Barby tattled on him.

* * *

Lame-Stallion-Driver's Mary Ann, who isn't nearly as clever as our Mildred, has no urge to study geography in school, and always confuses the capital of Spain with a river in South Africa.

In order to set things right, the school-marm sent along a letter with Mary Ann to her mother, in which the school-marm asked her to see to it that the little one would know her geography lesson better the next time. The next day, however, Mary Ann didn't know again that the St. Lawrence River flows down into the Pacific Ocean.

"Didn't your mother read my letter?" the school-marm asked quite angrily.

"Sure, mam."

"And what did she say?"

"My mummy said that she too had studied no geography and nevertheless got married, that my Aunt Lizzie knew even less and still caught a man, but that you with all your geography haven't been able to latch onto a husband up till now."

By the way! I have received that letter from the "Journal reader in Woolwich," in which he gave me a real dressing down, so that it still buzzes in my head like a bee-hive.

Well, you can't take exception to somebody's taste, as the widow said when she used to kiss her old cow. Another thing, I think my part of a man who hasn't the courage to sign a letter with his own name.

* * *

But I will excuse him this time. The weather was so bitterly cold, that perhaps his fingers got stiff, so that he couldn't scribble his name any more, and presumably had to have the address written in the blacksmith shop or at the drugstore. But no harm meant; if the "Mister Journal Reader in Woolwich" should ever come to Neustadt, I shall do him the honor to drink a glass of buttermilk with him in the butter factory. Prosit!

On Saturday I and Sarah were over at Tony Smear's for dinner, at which occasion there was nothing on the table but doughnuts and dried apples. This was not to Sarah's liking at all, so that she pouted all afternoon, and found fault with everything. After dinner Tony took us out to see his young colt in the barn, and then Sarah said:

"Go away with this crippled-up animal. Why it's got awfully crooked legs!"

"Well, Sarah," I said, "just be quiet and behave yourself. I would in fact have liked to see your legs when you were only six months old!"

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Mr. Dachhaas's little son has already had a scabby head all winter, so that he has lost almost all his hair. Mrs. Dachhaas recently took him down to the doctor, who said that it must be a kind of bacillus which causes him to shed his hair.

"Yes, doctor," she said, "that's probably it, for I have already found a whole bunch of them on his head with my fine comb!"

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

Governments Wage Air Conditioner War

CENTRALIA (CP) — Ownership of an air conditioner

Publish Date: 12 March 1914

Reprint Date: 15 Aug 1925

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 12. Martsch 1914.

Mister Glockemann!

Hennt ihr in Berlin vor en Poor Woche ah so en arige Kält ghat? Do howe war's so krimminalisch kalt, dasz ma kenn Hund hot nausjage welle, do sie withig wore weere un dann, 's Vieh hette beise kenne, was en groszer Verluscht for uns Bauere geweezt wär. Wie ich an ahns fun denne kalte Dage mit ehre Lood Bleck noch der Neischtadt gfahre bin, hab ich der Blutworschtnatz unnerwegs gedroffe un gsagt: "Well, Natz, was denkscht du fun dere Kelt Es is 20 Digries unnig Zero heit Morge." "Hm," mehnt er, "20 Grad unnig Null is heitzudags noch lang net so kalt, wie 10 Grad unnig Zero for about so 40 Johr rum worre."

"Well, um dir die Worret zu sage, ich mach mir nix aus em Summer un der Winter is mir doch die liebscht Johrszeit, for do denke die Leit immer, ich het mei Naas ferfrore . . . .

Nuhs sin die Woch arig rar un ich hab net viel zu riporter. Drunner in der Seegmihl aber wär am Dienschdag fascht en arig Unglick basirt. Am Handkehsmichel sei Tschannie, der for kammen immer mied un hungrig is, hot am Mundag agfange dat zu schaffe. Er hot sich uf en Block gehockt, wo sie hen durchseege welle un is dodobei eigschlofe. Zum Glück hot ihn der Baas grad noch beizeide gsehne un runnergrisse, schunscht wär er schur in Schticke gseegt worre. Sie hen ihm dann sei Lohn gewe un heemgeschickt. Der Tschannie mehnt, des Seegmihl-Bisnesz wär nix for ihn, un er schloft jetzt widder im Liveryschtall.

Der Schulmeschter driwer bei Vielnethig, hot am Mundag am Dampfnudelkaschper seim David so ferchterliche Schmisz gewe, dasz er heit noch net abaddig gut annersitze kann. Die Rison wor, dasz wie der Schulmeschter middags for en kleene Weil naus is, der David ehns fum Tietscher seiner Iwerschuh uf der Bodde gnagelt hot, un wie er ihn dann noch der Schul hot aziege welle, hen all die Kinner zu kreischer un tschierer agfange. Am ärgschter awer hot noch so about zehn Minute der David gekrischer, do am gehle Hannes sei Bewi ihn verrothe hot.

Es Lahmhengschtdreiwers Mary Ann, die lang net so gescheit wie unser Mildred is, hot gor kenn Gluschter for in der Schul Tschatgravieh zu schtoddier un verwechselt immer die Käpitel fun Schpehn mit der Rewer in Saud Aefrikä. Um dem Ding abzuhelfer, hot die Schulmisz der Mary Ann en Brief an ihr Mäm mitgewe, in dem die Schulmisz die Lahmhengschtdreiwern riquestet hot, en Bissel Acht zu gewe, dasz die Klee ihr Tschagravieh Lesson es neckscht Mol besser kann. Am annere Dag awer hot die Mary Ann widder net gwiszt, dasz der St. Lawrence River in die Päsific Oschen runner duht.

"Hot dei Mutter mei Brief net gelese?" hot die Schulmisz ganz bees gfrogt.

"Schur, Schulmäm."

"Un was hot sie gsagt?"

"Die Mäm hot gmehnt, dasz sie ah kenn Tschakgravieh gschtoddit un doch gheiert het, dasz mei Aunt Lizzie noch weniger gwiszt un doch en Mann gkäscht hot, dasz du awer mit all deiner Tschakgravieh bis heit noch kenn Mann hoscht verwitsche kenne."

Bei der Weh! Seller Brief fum "Journal-Leser in Woolwich," in dem er mir der Kopp so arig gwesche hot, dasz er mir heit noch wie en Ihmerkorb brummt, hab ich kriegt. Well, iwig der Gschmack loszt sich net schtreiter, wie die Wittfrah gsagt hot, wann sie als ihr alte Kuh geboszt hot. Noch e: Ding, ich denk mei Dehl fun ehme Mann, wo net die Kurasch hot, sei eegner Name unnig sei Brief zu schreiwer. Awer ich will ihn desmohl noch exqueser. Es Wetter wor so grausig kalt, dasz ihm die Finger wohrscheens schteif worre sin, so dasz er sei Name net meh hot kritzler kenne, un sich die Adresz vermuthlich im Schmidschap oder in der Abbodek hot schreiwer losse misse. Awer nix for ungut; wann der "Mister Journal Leser in Woolwich" emol noch der Neischtadt kumme sott, duh ich ihm doch die Ehr ah, en Glas Buttermilch mit ihm in der Butterfäktrie zu drinke. Prosit!

Am Samsdag wor ich un die Särah driwer bei's Schmierdonis zum Middagsesse, bei dem nix uf em Disch wor, wie Fettkuche un Schnitz, was der Särah ganz un gor net geschmeckt hot, so dasz sie der ganz Nomiddag gebrutzt un an allem ebbes auszusetze ghat hot. Noch am Esse, hot der Doni uns nausgenumme, um sei junge Hutsch im Schtall zu sehne, un do sagt die Särah: "Geh mir aweg, mit dem verkrippelter Vieh, des hot jo ganz krumme Beeh!" "Well, Särah", hab ich gsagt, "sei juscht schee ruhig un beheef dich, ich het for en Fäkt emol dei Beeh sehne meege, wie du erscht sechs Munat ald worscht!"

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N. B. No. 1. — Am Dachhaas sei Kleener hot schun der ganz Winter en Grindkopp, so dasz ihm fascht die ganze Hoor rauskumme sin. Die Dachhaasin hot ihn kerzlich nunner zum Doktor gnumme un der hot gesagt, dasz so en Ort Bazille an dem Hoorausgeh die Schuld sei mizte. "Jo, Mister Doktor," hot sie gmehnt, "so werd 's wohl sei, for ich hab ah schun en ganz Dehl mit meim feiner Kamm uf seim Kopp gfunne!"

Es winscht dis dessehm,

J. K. Esq.

Los Angeles realtor took his son out of school because he wasn't taught subdivision.—California Graphic.

European Powers ambitious to annex the wealth of North Africa are finding too many Riffs in the loot.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

MOM'N POP



BOOTS AND HE...



FRECKLES AND...



$ALESMAN $AM



WASHINGTON TU...

Publish Date: 02 May 1914

Reprint Date: 22 Jul 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 2. Mai 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Am Schmierdoni sei Wittfrah hot am Freitag der roth Hannes geheiert. Sie sin mit em Drehn noch Ayton gfahre, um dort die Operaschun performer zu losse. Es is en arig draurige Aeffehr, do der alt Schmierdoni erscht vor sechs Munat der Bocket gekickt hot un niemand sage kann, dasz er kenn guter Mann wor, so lang wie er geläst hot.

En Dehl mehner, die Wittfrah het änyhow so lang worte solle, bis Gras iwig ihrem Alter sei Grab gwachse wär; was awer mich abelangt, mehn ich, dasz sie allreid geduh hot. Sie wor emol en scheeguckig Weibsmensch un is jetzt noch net so schlimm gaschtig. Un biseids, der roth Hannes wor en Bätschler sei ganz Lewe lang un hot en Frah mehner nethig ghat wie eenig ebbes schunscht, das ich wees, exsept vielleicht en neier Hut.

Der Hannes hot der sehm Hut die letschte nein Johr gewore un es is nimmi viel dafu iwrig, exsept der Rand. Awer er hot gmehnt, er dehts doch vielleicht noch duh for drin geheiert zu werre.

Des glicklich neigebacke Koppel is fun seiner Wedding Trip zurickkumme un hengt beim Hannes seiner Mutter raus. Ich bin schur, dasz am Hannes sei Frah en arige Zeit nei duh werd, un mit em Hannes seiner Mutter zuweg zu kumme; wann awer am Hannes sei Frah es schtände kann, kann ich ah!

* * *

Ich hab in der "Glock" glese, dasz der deitsch Verein "Concordia" in Berlin do kerzlich en groszordige Selebreschun gewe hot, wo sie en Bladdeitsch Theaterschtick performed hen. Des hot mich uf die Eidie gebrunge, dasz do howe ah widder emol ebbes for die deitsch Schproch un annere deitsche Sache geduh werre sott.

Bladdeitsch verschtehe mir in der Neischtadt net arig gut, un do mir grad so eble Schohäkters hen wie ihr in Schmierkehs County, hab ich die Opera fun Onkel Toms Cabin ins Hochdeitsch getränsleted un mit meiner Kumbani eigeschtuttirt. Inkloost findscht du die Kappi fun ehme Händbill, wo du so dabber wie possible uf farwig Babier printe sollscht:

JOE KLOTZKOPP'S
ORITSCHENEL UN EENZIGE
ONKEL TOM'S CABIN
KUMBANI UND VAUDEVILLE-
AEGGREGESCHUN

Gebt am Pfingschtmundag Owert im Loui seiner Hall, iwig der Dreiwing Sched, en Gränd Concert un Opera-Performänce.

Das is die erscht Aeppierenz fun meiner Kumbani uf ergends ehner Stetsch in der Welt, exsept mich, do ich als Bosz-Akkordionschpieler schun in der meenschter Schulheiser im Township die Pleeschur ghat hab, for ehre äppreschiediff Audienz mei Sileckschuns heere zu losse.

PERSONAL

(Das mehnt uf Hochdeitsch die Name fun der Artists, wo Part in dem Schtick nemme duhn).

Onkel Tom	Joe Klotzkopp
Simon Legree	Der Grundsaujerg
Marks, der Lawyer	Der Handkehsmichel
George Harris	Der Lahmhengschtdreiwer
Topsy	Die schepp Kathrine
Eva	Die Mildred
Elisa	Die Lahmhengschtdreiwern
Aunt Chloe	Die schwarz Lisbeth

Nebscht dene Aekters sin ah noch Esel un seibirien Bloodhounds zu der sehme Zeit uf der Stetsch zu sehne.

Zwischen der drei Aekts werre Vaudeville Stunts fun der following Artists geduh:

Der Gensfettjockel als Händschpringstorner, der Lahmhengschtdreiwer als Seildenzer un die Särah in kamik eirischer Songs.

Ah die Limburger Brothers fun Hanover sin zu ehre grosze Exbens for die Okkeschun engeetscht worre.

Mademosell Murphy fun Paris, der Stahr fum Owert, gebt uf ehner Melodion en tschenjuein Immiteschun fun ehme Nordwest-Blizzard.

* * *

Noch der Schoh gewe der fortschunet Hannes un der Dr. Kickeriki fun Berlin en Extra-Exhibition un Lektschur, um uns zu weise, was ma zu duh hot, dasz es leere Fesser gebt.

Aedmischun 15 Cents; Kinner unnig sechs Johr, die von ihre Aeltere oder Gardians äkkompanied sin, frei.

Der Profit fum Konzert geht an die jung Wittfrah drower an der Eck.

Duwacktschaher un Schmoke schtrickle prohibitet.

Butter, Oier un Fenzriegel werre wie Käsch äckseptet.

God Save the King!

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—Wann du un der Schmalz zu meiner Schoh rufkumme sotte losz ich eich zum halwer Breis nei. Ich het der Schmalz gfrogt, for en Trompetesolo zu gewe, hab awer Bang ghat, dasz er em End 's Dach fun der Sched geblose het. Wann ihr Werm un Fischpohls fum Burkholder mitbringt, un mir die Helft fun der Fisch gebt, die ihr kätscht, losz ich eich drunner in meim Loch am Saugeen-Riwer Sockers fange, die alleweil gut beisze.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Frog emol der Dr. Kritikus, ob er ken gut reliable Remedy for Schuszblodere an der Geil wees. Mei alte Fähn hot sidder en poor Munat en ganze Lot am linkser Hinnerfusz un kann sie net losewerre.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, May 2, 1914

Mister Glockemann:

Tony Smear's widow married Red Jack on Friday. They went by train to Ayton to have the operation performed there. It is a quite sad affair as old Tony Smear just kicked the bucket six months ago and nobody can say that he wasn't a good husband as long as he lasted.

Some say his widow should at least have waited until the grass grew over the grave of her old man; as far as I am concerned I think she did all right. She was once a good-looking woman, and is even now not so very ugly. And besides, Red Jack was a bachelor all his life, and needed a wife more than anything else that I know of, with the exception, perhaps, of a new hat.

Jack has worn the same hat for the last nine years and there isn't much of it left outside of the rim. But he said that it would perhaps be good enough to get married in.

The happy freshly-baked couple has returned from the wedding trip, and is living with Jack's mother. I am sure that Jack's wife will put in quite a time to get along with Jack's mother. If, however, Jack's wife can stand it, I can stand it too!

* * *

I read in the Glocke that the German Concordia Club in Berlin recently put on a magnificent celebration, at which they performed a Low German play. That aroused the thought in me that something should be done for the German language and for the German cause in general up here.

Low German is not understood particularly well in Neustadt, and since we have just as able theatrical talent as you have in Cottage Cheese County, I have translated the opera of Uncle Tom's Cabin into High German, and have rehearsed it with my company. Enclosed you will find the copy of a handbill, which you are to print as quickly as possible on colored paper:

JOE KLOTZKOPP'S
ORIGINAL AND ONLY
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
COMPANY AND VAUDEVILLE-
AGGREGATION

Plays on Whit-Sunday in Louis' Hall, Over the Driving Shed
A Grand Concert and Opera Performance

This is the first appearance of my company on any stage in the world, except for myself, since I, as an expert accordionist, already have had the pleasure of permitting appreciative audiences to hear my selections in most of the schoolhouses in the township.

THE CAST

(That means in High German the names of the artists who take part in the play)

Uncle Tom	Joe Klotzkopp
Simon Legree	Ground-hog George
Marks, the Lawyer	Hand-cheese Mike
George Harris	The Lame-Stallion-Driver
Topsy	Crooked Catherine
Eva	Mildred
Elisa	The Lame-Stallion-Driver's wife
Aunt Chloe	Black Lizzie

In addition to the actors a donkey and Siberian blood-hounds can also be seen on the stage at the same time.

Between the three acts there will be vaudeville stunts by the following artists:

Goose-grease Jack as a hand-spring gymnast; the Lame-Stallion-Driver as a tight-rope walker; Sarah in comic Irish songs.

The Limburger Brothers from Hanover have also been engaged at great expense for the occasion.

Mademoiselle Murphy from Paris, the star of the evening, will give an imitation of a north-west blizzard on the reed organ.

After the show Fortunate Jack and Doctor Cock-a-doodle-doo from Berlin will give an extra demonstration and lecture to illustrate to us what you must do to empty barrels.

Admission 15 cents; children under six, accompanied by parents or guardians, free.

The profits from the concert will go to the young widow up at the corner.

Tobacco chewing and smoking strictly prohibited.

Butter, eggs and fence rails accepted as cash.

God Save the King!

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—If you and Mr. Schmalz should be coming up to my show, I will let you in for half price. I would have asked Mr. Schmalz to play a trumpet solo, but was afraid that he might in the end blow the roof off the shed. If you bring worms and fish-poles along from Mr. Burkholder and give me half the fish which you catch, I will let you catch suckers, which are biting very well now, down in my fishing hole in the Saugeen River.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Please ask Dr. Kritikus whether he knows of a good remedy for blisters in horses. My old Fan has had a whole lot of them for a month on her left hind leg, and can't get rid of them.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

Enlarged Museum Puts War on Display

OTTAWA (CP) — The Canadian War Museum has dusted

Plannde for children is a special room in which they can

Publish Date: 02 May 1914

Reprint Date: 29 Aug 1925

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 2. Mai 1914.

Mister Glockemann!

Am Schmierdoni sei Wittfrah hot am Freitag der roth Hannes geheiert. Sie sin mit em Drehn noch Ayton gfahre, um dort die Operaschun performer zu losse.. Es is en arig draurige Aeffehr, do der alt Schmierdoni erscht vor sechs Munat der Bocket gekickt hot un niemand sage kann, dasz er kenn guter Mann wor, so lang wie er geläást hot.

En Dehl mehner, die Wittfrah het ânyhow so lang worte solle, bis Gras iwig ihrem Alter sei Grab gwachse wär; was awer mich abelangt, mehn ich, dasz sie allreid geduh hot. Sie wor emol en scheeguckig Weibsmensch un is jetzt noch net so schlimm gaschtig. Un biseids, der roth Hannes wor en Bätschler sei ganz Lewe lang un hot en Frah mehner nethig ghat wie eenig ebbes schunscht, das ich wees, exsept vielleicht en neier Hut.

Der Hannes hot der sehm Hut die letschte nein Johr gewore un es is nimmi viel dafu iwrig, exsept der Rand. Awer er hot gmehnt, er dehts doch vielleicht noch duh for drin geheiert zu werre. Des glicklich neigebacke Koppel is fun seiner Wedding Trip zurickkumme un hengt beim Hannes seiner Mutter raus. Ich bin schur, dasz am Hannes sei Frah en arige Zeit nei duh werd, um mit em Hannes seiner Mutter zuweg zu kumme; wann awer am Hannes sei Frah es schtände kann, kann ich ah!

Ich hab in der "Glock" glese, dasz der deitsch Verein "Concordia" in Berlin do kerzlich en groszordige Selebreschun gewe hot, wo sie en Bladdeitsch Theaterschtick performed hen. Des hot mich uf die Eidie gebrunge, dasz do howe ah widder emol ebbes for die deitsch Schproch un annere deitsche Sache geduh werre sott. Bladdeitsch verschtehe mir in der Neischtadt net arig gut, un do mir grad so eble Schohäkters hen wie ihr in Schmierkehs County, hab ich die Opera fun Onkel Toms Cabin ins Hochdeitsch getränsleted un mit meiner Kumbani eigeschtuttient. Inkloost findscht du die Kappi fun ehme Händbill, wo du so dabber wie possibel uf farwig Babier printe sollscht:

Joe Klotzkopp's
oritschenel un eenzige
ONKEL TOM'S CABIN
Kumbani und Vaudeville-Aeggregeschun
gebt am Pfingschtmundag Owert im Loui seiner Hall, iwig der Dreiwing Sched, en
Gränd Concert un Opera-Performänce

Das is die erscht Aeppierenz fun meiner Kumbani uf ergends ehner Stetsch in der Welt, exsept mich, do ich als Bosz - Akkordionschpieler schun in der menschter Schulheiser im Township die Pleeschur ghat hab, for ehre äppreschiediff Audienz mei Sileckschuns heere zu losse.

Personal.

(Des mehnt uf Hochdeitsch die Name fun der Artists, wo Part in dem Schtick nemme duhn).

Onkel Tom .... Joe Klotzkopp
Simon Legree .... Der Grundsaujerg
Marks, der Lawyer...der Handkehsmichel
George Harris..Der Lahmhengschtdreiwer
Topsy .... Die schepp Kathrine
Eva .... Die Mildred
Elisa .. Die Lahmhengschtdreiwern
Aunt Chloe .... Die schwarz Lisbeth

Nebscht dene Aekters sin ah noch Esel un seibirien Bloodhounds zu der sehme Zeit uf der Stetsch zu sehne.

Zwischen der drei Aekts werre Vaudeville Stunts fun der following Artists geduh:

Der Gansfettjockel als Händschpringstorner, der Lahmhengschtdreiwer als Seildenzer un die Sárah in kamik eirischer Songs.

Ah die Limburger Brothers fun Hanover sin zu ehre grosze Exbens for die Okkeschun engeetscht worre.

Mademosell Murphy fun Paris, der Stahr fum Owert, gebt uf ehner Melodion en tschenjuen Immiteschun fun ehme Nordwest-Blizzard.

Noch der Schoh gewe der fortschunet Hannes un der Dr. Kickeriki fun Berlin en Extra-Exhibition un Lektschur, um uns zu weise, was ma zu duh hot, dasz es leere Fesser gebt.

Aedmischun 15 Cents; Kinner unnig sechs Johr, die von ihre Aeltere oder Gardiens äkkompanied sin, frei.

Der Profit fum Konzert geht an die jung Wittfrah drower an der Eck.

Duwacktschaher un Schmoke schtrickle prohibitet.

Butter, Oier un Fenzriegel werre wie Käsch äckseptet.

God save the King!

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N. B. No. 1.—Wann du un der Schmalz zu meiner Schoh rufkumme sotte, losz ich eich zum halwer Breis nei. Ich het der Schmalz gfrogt, for en Trompetesolo zu gewe, hab awer Bang ghat, dasz er am End 's Dach fun der Sched geblose het. Wann ihr Werm un Fischpohls fum Burkholder mitbringt, un mir die Helft fun der Fisch gebt, die ihr kätscht, losz ich eich drunner in meim Loch am Saugeen-River Sockers fange, die alleweil gut beisze.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

J. K., Esq.

N. B. No. 2.—Frog emol der Dr. Kritikus, ob er ken gut reliable Remedy for Schuszblodere an der Geil wees. Mei alte Fähn hot sidder en poor Munat en ganze Lot am linkser Hinnerfusz un kann sie net loswerre.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

J. K., Esq.

Sore Corns Dissolved

The golf widow mourns in loneliness,
Her supper's cold—an awful mess.
Out on the course where the golf nuts roam,
Dad's forgot that he has a home;
Every day until darkness falls
He's out chasing the little balls.
The situation's growing bad
When kids forget they have a Dad
The poor kids think their Dad is dead;
He's only home when he wants a bed,
And he wouldn't even be home at nights,
If they'd just equip the course with lights.

The salesman who knows his goods by use as well as by name will never sell roman sandles for birthday cakes.

Who has seen lately one of the old fashioned farmers who hoofed it to town?

MOM'N POP



BOOTS AND HER



$ALESMAN $AM



FRECKLES AND HI



FRECKLES AND HI



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Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 1. Dezember, 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Sidder sie hinnerdraus in Jurop Krieg hen, schpiele die kleene Fämilie-Räckets fum Grundsaujerg uf seim Ehekrippel, die Schepp Kathrine, die for kammen des eenzig Amjuhsment worre, wo mir als im Winter do howe ghat hen, gor ken Roll meh. Fun nix werd gschwetzt, als fum Krieg, un nix wie Krieg.

Die Lahm Hengschdreiwern wor der anner Dag hiwe bei uns un hot der Särah geholfe, Schmierseef koche. Sie wor ah der Meening, dasz der Krieg en verderbte Sind un Schand wär, un wann nix meh helfe deht, sott zu guter Letscht die Polies fun der Neischtadt un Vielnethig gschickt werre, um die Ahschtifter fun dem Unheil zu arrester un in die Lockup zu schtecke, bis sie sich en Bissel abgekiehlt hette.

Die Mensche in Jurop beheefe sich for en Fäkt wie die Heide, wo fun userm Chrischtsduhm noch nie nix gheert hen. Ich glaab net, dasz ehn eenziger fun den Emporers un Kings jemohls in die Sundagsschul drunna am Schwamm gange is; wann sie wäre, dehte sie wisse, wie sich zu beheefe un dehte ah ken so Sauerei ahrichte.

* * *

Ich wunner juscht, wie lang der Krieg noch daure werd? Frog emol der Dr. Hett, ob er mit seim Meikroskop net in der Schterne lese kann, wann die Butscherei en End nemmt.

Sag am Schmalz, dasz die Särah ihm des Sauerkraut, wo er do letscht, wie er in der Neischtadt wor, bei ihr beschtellt hot, net schicke kann, do die Sei vor zwee Woche, wie mir beim Schmierdoni seiner Leicht worre, ins Krautfeld kumme sin un fascht alles ruinirt hen. Mir hen juscht siewer Fesser voll Sauerkraut eischneide kenne, so dasz mir, im Fall ebbes bassire sott, oder in Kehs fun Krankheet, doch ebbes im Haus hen.

Die Särah wees schier gor net, bei weller fun unserer verheiratheter Meed sie Chrischtmesz schpende will, un hot noch net diseitet, ob sie zu unserm Schwiegersohn in Ayton oder zu unserm Schwiegersohn in Hanover geh sott. Der ehne winscht, dasz sie noch Ayton un der anner, dasz sie noch Hanover geht.

Nau, Mr. Glockemann, du denkscht jetzt juscht about, dasz des vielleicht arig gude Schwiegersehn sin, awer du muscht mich recht verschteh. Der in Hanover winscht sie noch Ayton, un der in Ayton winscht sie noch Hanover. Awer verroth mich juscht net, schunscht is der . . . . widder los.

Unser Mildred, was des Lisbeth ihre Aelschte is, is nau doch en abaddig schmärt Medel. Drunner im Schulhaus an der Creek hen mir sidder der Halladehs en neier Tietscher, un der anner Dag is der Inschpecktor kumme, for die Schul zu besuche. Die Schulmisz hot dann allerleh Froge an die Kinner gschtellt, uhne dasz sie en Antwort kriegt hot.

* * *

In ihrer heilloser Angscht hot sie dann mit Arithmetik geschtärt un gfrogt: "Wie viel macht zwee un ehns?" Awer niemand hot sich gemuhft. Der Inschpecktor hot der Kinner aushelfer welle; er hot sich hinnig die Schulmisz gschtellt un drei Finger in die Heeh ghowe.

So gschwind wie der Blitz, is dann die Mildred ufgetschumbt, un mit vor Freed schtrahlender Aage un mit ehme Gsicht, wo der Schmeil net abkummt, hot sie gesagt: "Schulmisz, seller Mann, wo hinner dir schteht, will amol naus!"

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Am Handkehsmichel sei rothe Kuh, die Blesz, hot geschter Morge Zwilling kriegt un do der Michel juscht ehn Hammle inschpeckt hot, hot er sich iwig den zweefache Sege gfreit wie en Gaul mit ehme holzige Beeh. Der Michel will die Kelwer jetzt rehser un en Joch Ochse draus mache.

Schpeter: Der Michel hot zu guter Letscht doch konkludet, kenn Joch Ochse aus denne Viecher zu mache, do es ehne en Schtier un des anner en Rind is.

Es winscht der dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, December 1, 1914

Mister Glockemann:

Since they are having war back over in Europe, the small family squabbles of Ground-hog George and his ball-and-chain, Crooked Catherine, which were usually the only amusement which we had up here during the winter, play no role anymore at all. All the talk is about war, and nothing but war.

The Lame-Stallion-Driver's wife was over at our house the other day helping Sarah to boil soft soap. She was also of the opinion that the war was a confounded sin and shame, and that if there was no other way out the police of Neustadt and Poorville should finally be sent to arrest the instigators of the mischief and to stick them into the lock-up until they had cooled off a little.

* * *

The people in Europe are in fact behaving like heathen, who have never heard anything about our Christianity. I don't think that a single one of the emperors and kings ever went to the Sunday school down at the swamp. If they had they would know how to behave, and wouldn't stir up such a mess.

I would like to know how long the war will still last? Ask Dr. Hett if he can't read in the stars with his microscope when the butchery will take an end.

Tell Mr. Schmalz that Sarah can't send the sauerkraut which he ordered from her the last time he was in Neustadt, since the pigs got into the cabbage patch two weeks ago when we were at Tony Smear's funeral, and ruined almost everything. We could put in only seven barrels of sauerkraut, so that we, in case something might happen, or in case of sickness, would have something to eat in the house.

Sarah doesn't know at all with which one of our married daughters she wants to spend Christmas, and has not yet decided whether she should go to our son-in-law in Ayton or to our son-in-law in Hanover. The one hopes she will go to Ayton, the other that she will go to Hanover.

Now, Mister Glockemann, you are perhaps thinking that those are very good sons-in-law, but you have to understand me correctly. The one in Hanover wants her to go to Ayton, and the one in Ayton wants her to go to Hanover. But don't tattle on me, otherwise there will be a racket in the shanty.

* * *

Our Mildred, who is Lizzie's eldest daughter, is now certainly a smart girl. Down at the schoolhouse beside the creek we have a new teacher since the holidays. The other day the inspector came to visit the school. The school-marm then put all kinds of questions to the pupils without getting an answer.

In her abject fear she then turned to arithmetic and asked: "How much is two and one?" But nobody lifted a finger. The inspector wanted to help the children; he stood behind the school-marm and held up three fingers.

As quick as lightning Mildred jumped up, and with eyes gleaming with joy, and with a face with a permanent smile, she said: "Marm, that man who is standing behind you wants to leave the room!"

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Hand-cheese Mike's cow, Spotty, had twin calves yesterday morning. As Mike had only expected one calf he rejoiced at the twofold blessing like a horse with a wooden leg. Mike wants to raise the calves now, and make a yoke of oxen out of them.

Later: Mike has finally concluded not to make a yoke of oxen out of those beasts, as one is a bull calf and the other is a heifer.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

Bathtub Admirals

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 14. Dezember, 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich der anner Owert, wo's so gschtermt hot, hinnig em Kicheoffe ghockt bin, die Peif gschmockt un mei Akkordion gschpielt hab, hab ich zu mir selwert gsagt:

"Joe," hab ich gsagt, "neckscht Woch am Freidag is Chrischdag un du bischt heit widder net mehner in Scheep for Xmasbresender zu kaafe wie vor ehme Johr. Die Särah gebt dir widder en Poor gschtrickte Schtrimb, die en halwe Meil zu grosz oder zu klee sin, un die Mildred bringt en Piktscher Kalender, wo sie drunner im Schtohr for nix kriegt hot. Alle Beed inschpeckte ebbes fun dir, awer wo nix is, is nix zu hole.

Mister Glockemann, es gebt en Fäkt Mensche uf dera Welt, wo juscht for Druwel gebore sin, un dei alter Freind is ehner, wo zu dera Kläsz belangt. Schun als Kind hab ich alle Krankheete ghat, wo sellemohls un ah heit noch Fäschen sin: der Blohhuschte, die Hickops, die Miesels, der Tschickenpox, Summer- un Winter kamplehnts, Bauchweh und etsettere.

Mei erschter Zah hab ich erscht im zwette Johr ausgehätscht, obschun ich Leit kenn, wo heit ihre Wisdumzeh noch net hen. In der Schul hab ich alsfort for die annere Kids suffre misse, un was for Druwel hab ich erscht ghat, die Särah zu schpärke un sie zu guter oder schlechter Letscht zu kätsche. Dafu kennt mer en Buch schreiwe.

Iwer mei Druwel awer, sidder unserm Hochzigsdag, kennte so viel Bicher gschriewe werre, um en ganz Library damit zu fille. Awer never mind, jede Wolk hot zuletscht doch noch en silweriger Krantz.

* * *

Ich hab do kerzlich in der "Glock" glese, dasz en Dehl so iwerschpannte Kränks die Proposel gmacht hen, der schee deitsch Name Berlin umzutschenscher; ich hoff awer sinsirle, dasz ihr Berliner eich net ins Bockshorn jage loszt, um eirem Schtettel en neier Name zu gewe. Dehscht du glawe, Mr. Glockemann, dasz mir mei Name, wo ich doch ehrlich fun meim Vatter und Groszvatter usw. ehrlich geerbt hab, un wo ich bis jetzt ah ehrlich durch die Welt gschleppt hab, alloffesodden Druwel mache deht? Affkohrs, dehscht du so ebbes net denke! Ich will net druf insiste, dasz es kenn scheenere Name gewe duht, awer bin ich risponsible, dasz mei Vatter un sei Vatter Klotzkopp gheesze hen?

Ich kick ah net, awer der anner Dag is meim Michel sei Medel, die Florence Isabel, fun der Heiskuhl in Allan Park heemkumme un hot kamplehnt, dasz sie President fun der Bäsketball-Tiehm het werre kenne, wann ihrer Name net so dutsch saunder deht.

(Bei der Weh, musz ich dir sage, dasz meim Michel sein Frah, eb sie gheiert wor, in ehme eirischer Hotel in Durham gschafft hot, wo sie allerleh heifaludig Eidies in ihre dummer Kopp kriegt hot, un fun dorther schtammt ah der hernverrickt Name Florence Isabel.)

Die Särah hot afkohrs der Florence Isabel recht gewe, for alles was die sagt, is bei der Särah Lah. Ich hab ihr gsagt, dasz sie mei Name het in Konsideraschun nemme solle, eb sie mich gheiert hot for better or for worser. Sie hot awer juscht geänsert, dasz die Lieb ebmohls blind is, awer in der Zwischezeit wäre ihr doch die Aage uffgange.

* * *

Well, Mr. Glockemann, ich hab friher nie net drahgedenkt, awer ich mehn doch, dasz der Poet vielleicht recht hot, wenn er sagt, dasz en alter Limburger grad so kreftig rieche deht, un wann ma ihn insted Lawendelduft heesza miszt.

Ich kenn Menner, die hen Name wie en Millionär, awer 's borgt ihne deswege doch niemand en Quarter. Ich kenn deitsche Elderer, wo ihre Kinner Name gewe hen wie Mabel, Earl, Sidney, Clayton, Garfield, Wellington, Ralph, Milton, Ryerson, Leslie, Lloyd usw., was awer doch net privented hot, dasz sie in die Pennamatenscherie kumme sin.

Affkohrs, es gebt Leid, denne ihr Name ganz gut zu ihrer Biznesz baszt, wie for Exämpel der Grundsaujerg, der Blutworschtnatz, der Lahm Hengschtdreiwer usw., too numerous to mention.

For die Present, hab ich mei Meind noch net ufgemacht, ob ich mei Name tschentscher soll oder net, du kannscht mir emol en Lischt fun scheener Name schicke, du hoscht jo doch nix sunscht zu duh. Ich wär net der Erscht, wo en neier Name adopted het, weil sie ihrer eegener Name net ehrlich dorch die Welt hen schleppe kenne.

Wann sich mei Name uf Englisch besser aheere deht, so wiszt ich ball, mir zu helfe; awer in meiner Opinion wär Mister Joseph Blockhead, Esq., gor ken Improvement for Joe Klotzkopp. Die Fäkt is, dasz mir der "Klotz" im Weg is, mit dem letschte Part fun meim Name deht ich schun ferdig were.

* * *

Die Schulmisz mehnt, dasz ma uf Eitälien mei Name Guiseppo Kaputanio translater kennt. Well, wer mich kennt, wees so wie so, dasz ich schun lang kaput bin. Am Michel seiner Rotznas deht der Name awer doch besser suhte, do sie schun oft gsagt hot, en Dago oder frensch Name deht doch besser saunder, wie Florence Isabel Klotzkopp.

Sehscht du, Mr. Glockemann, do hette mir's schun gfickst, un uf ehme Tscheck for $5 oder $10, deht die nei Signatschur gor net so iwel ausgucke, und in Schpeit dafu, dasz ken Mensch den Tscheck äksepte deht. Un nebschtdem hab ich so en Eidie, dasz sogor der Loui mir mit so ehme neie Name, ken 5 Cent mehner uf die Schleht schreiwe deht.

Dir dessehm winschend, bleib ich vorderhand awer immer noch dei alter Freind.

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Der Gensfettjockel is am Sundag Nomiddag nunner an der Rewer gange, um en Poor scheene Suckers for den Schmalz uf die Chrischdag zu kätsche. Wie er awer an der Saugeen kumme is, hot er gsehne, dasz alle Lecher, die der Handkehsmichel am Samschdag dorchs Eis ghackt ghat hot, zugfrohrer worre, dodruf hi is er glei widder heem, do's gege sei rilitschus Prinzipels is, Sundags zu schaffe.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, December 14, 1914.

Mister Glockemann:

As I was sitting behind the kitchen stove the other night when it was storming so hard, and smoking my pipe and playing my accordion, I said to myself:

"Joe," I said, "Friday of next week is Christmas, and you are not again today in better shape to buy Christmas presents than you were a year ago. Sarah will again give you a pair of knitted socks, which are either a half mile too big or too small. Mildred will bring a picture calendar, which she got down at the store for nothing. Both of them expect something from you, but where there is nothing, you can't get anything."

Mister Glockemann, there are in fact people in the world who were actually born for trouble, and your old friend is one who belongs to this class. Already as a child I had all the ailments that were as fashionable at that time as they still are today: whooping cough, hiccoughs, measles, chicken-pox, summer complaints and winter complaints, stomach ache, etc.

I didn't hatch out my first tooth until I was in my second year, although I know people who do not even have their wisdom teeth by now. At school I always had to suffer for the other kids, and my greatest trouble came when I sparked Sarah and, for better or worse, caught her. You could write a book about that.

* * *

But about my troubles since our wedding day so many books could be written that they would fill a whole library. But never mind, every cloud finally has a silver lining.

I have recently read in the Glocke that a couple of zealous cranks have made the proposal to change the beautiful German name of Berlin; I hope sincerely that you Berliners will not be stampeded into giving your town a new name. Would you believe it, Mister Glockemann, that my name which I honestly inherited from my father and grandfather, etc., and which I have in all honesty dragged with me through the world till now, should all of a sudden cause trouble? Naturally, you wouldn't believe that! I won't insist upon it that there are not more beautiful names, but am I responsible that my father's and grandfather's names were Klotzkopp?

I don't kick either, but the other day my Mike's daughter, Florence Isabel, came home from the high school in Allan Park and complained that she could have become president of the basketball team if her name didn't sound so dutch.

(By the way, I must tell you that Mike's wife worked in an Irish hotel in Durham before she got married. She got all kinds of highfalutin ideas into her stupid head there, and that's also where the crack-brained name Florence Isabel came from.)

* * *

Sarah, of course, sided with Florence Isabel, for everything that the latter says is gospel with Sarah. I told her that she should have taken my name into consideration before she married me for better or for worse. She simply answered, that love is often blind, but in the meantime she has come to see the light.

Well, Mister Glockemann, I never reflected on this before, but I do think that the poet is right when he says that an old limburger would smell just as pungently, even though you were to call it lavender instead. I know men who have the same name as a millionaire, but no one would loan them a quarter on that score.

I know German parents who give their children names like Mabel, Earl, Sidney, Clayton, Garfield, Wellington, Ralph, Milton, Ryerson, Leslie, Lloyd, etc., which however did not prevent them from being sent to the penitentiary.

Of course there are people whose name fits in well with their business as for example Groundhog George, Blood-sausage Nat, the Lame Stallion-driver, etc., too numerous to mention.

For the present I have as yet not made up my mind whether I should, or should not, change my name. You can send me a list of nice names one of these days, you haven't anything else to do anyway. I wouldn't be the first person to have adopted a new name, because they couldn't drag their own name honestly through the world.

* * *

If my name sounded better in English I would soon know what to do. But in my opinion Mister Joseph Blockhead, Esq., would be no improvement on Joe Klotzkopp. The fact is that the "Block" is in my way. I could get along quite well with the second part of my name.

The schoolmarm says that you could translate my name into Italian as Guiseppo Kaputanio. Well, whoever knows me, knows that I have been "kaputt' for a long time. The name would suit Mike's snotnose better however, since she has often said that an Italian or French name would certainly sound better than Florence Isabel Klotzkopp.

Do you see, Mister Glockemann, with that we would already have things in order, and on a cheque for $5 or $10 the new signature would not look so bad at all, even in spite of the fact that nobody would accept the cheque. In addition I have an idea that even Louis with such a new name would not give me another five cents more on credit.

Wishing you the same, I remain for the time being, still your old friend,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Goose-grease Jack went down to the river on Sunday afternoon to catch a few nice suckers for Mr. Schmalz for Christmas. But when he got to the Saugeen he saw that all the holes which Hand-cheese Mike had cut through the ice on Saturday were frozen shut. Thereupon he immediately went home, since it is against his religious principles to work on Sunday.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

Federalists Hit UN Mideast Role

Publish Date: 14 Dec 1914

Reprint Date: 26 Sept 1925

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

so much a cloud as autumn coloring like the leaves changing from early frost," Abe Potash declared the other day, "which as long as I can remember, Mawruss, the first signs of cold weather has been a threatened coal strike. So you could take it from me, Mawruss, that the time to shake the camphor balls out of your winter underwear and examine it for moth holes, is when you read in the papers that a coal strike is being talked about, and if the representatives of the miners announce that they couldn't agree with the coal operators, don't delay. Order your winter overcoat immediately."

"Say! For all you could tell, this here threatened coal strike, is only talk started by the Amalgamated Real Estate Brokers of Miami, Florida," Morris Perlmutter said. "There's bound to be a slump in the New York and Chicago sales of Everglade lots during the warm spell which comes along about this time of the year, and if a rumor coal strikes is going to counteract

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 14. Dezember 1914.

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich der anner Owert, wo's so geschtermt hot, hinnig em Kicheoffe ghockt bin, die Peif geschmockt un mei Akkordion geschpielt hab, hab ich so zu mir selwert gsagt: "Joe," hab ich gesagt, "neckscht Woch am Freidag is Chrischdag un du bischt heit widder net mehner in Scheep for Xmasbresender zu kaafe wie vor ehme Johr. Die Sárah gebt dir widder en Poor gschstrikte Schtrimb, die en halwe Meil zu grosz oder zu klee sin, un die Mildred bringt en Piktscher Kalender, wo sie drunner im Schtohr for nix kriegt hot. Alle Beed inschpeckte ebbes fun dir, awer wo nix is, is nix zu hole."

Mister Glockemann, es gebt for en Fákt Mensche uf dere Welt, wo juscht for Druwel gebore sin, un dei alter Freind is ehner, wo zu dera Klász belangt. Schun als Kind hab ich alle Krankheete gehat, wo sellemohls un ah heit noch Fáschen sin: der Blohhuschte, die Hickops, die Miesels, der Tschickenpox, Summer- und Winterkamplents, Bauchweh un etsettere. Mei erschter Zah hab ich erscht im zwette Johr ausgehátscht, obschun ich Leit kenn, wo heit ihre Wisdummzeh noch net hen. In der Schul hab ich alsfort for die annere Kids suffre misse, un was for Druwel hab ich erscht ghat, die Sárah zu schpárke und sie zu guter oder schlechter Letscht zu kátsche. Dofu kennt mer en Buch schreiwe. Iwer mei Druwal awer, sidder unserm Hochzigsdag, kennte so viel Bicher geschriewe werre, um en ganz Library damit zu fille. Awer never mind, jede Wolk hot zuletscht doch noch en silweriger Krantz.

Dehscht du glawe dasz mir mei Name, wo ich doch ehrlich fun meim Vatter und Groszvatter usw. ehrlich geerbt hab, un wo ich bis jetzt ah ehrlich durch die Welt geschleppt hab, alloffesodden Druwel mache deht? Affkohrs, dehtscht du so ebbes net denke! Ich will net druf insiste, dasz es kenn scheenere Name gewe duht, awer bin ich risponsibel, dasz mei Vatter un sei Vatter Klotzkopp gheesze hen?

Ich kick ah net, awer der anner Dag is meim Michel sei Medel, die Florence Isabel, fun der Heiskuhl in Allan Park heemkumme un hot kamplehnt, dasz sie President fun der Básketball-Tiehm het werre kenne, wann ihrer Name net so dutsch saunder deht.

(Bei der Weh, musz ich dir sage, dasz meim Michel sei Frah, eb sie gheiert wor, in ehme eirischer Hotel in Durham gschafft hot, wo sie ellerleh heifaludig Eidies in ihre dummer Kóp kriegt hot, un fun dorther schtammt ah der hernverrickt Name Florence Isabel.)

Die Sárah hot afkohrs der Florence Isabel recht gewe, for alles was die sagt, is bei der Sárah Lah. Ich hab ihr gsagt, dasz sie mei Name het in Konsideraschun nemme solle, eb sie mich gheiert hot for better or for worser. Sie hot awer juscht geánsert, dasz die Lieb ebmohls blind is, awer in der Zwischezeit wáre ihr doch die Auge uffgange.

Well, Mr. Glockemann, ich hab friher nie net drahgedenkt, awer ich mehn doch, dasz der Poet vieleicht recht hot, wenn er sagt, dasz en alter Limburger grad so krefftig rieche deht, un wann ma ihn insted Lawendelduft heesze miszt. Ich kenn Menner, die hen Name wie en Millionár, awer 's borgt ihne deswege doch niemand en Quarter. Ich ken deitsche Elderer, wo ihre Kinnner Name gewe hen wie Mabel, Earl, Sidney, Clayton, Garfield, Wellington, Ralph, Milton, Ryerson, Leslie, Lloyd usw., was awer doch net privented hot, dasz sie in die Pennamatenscherie kumme sin.

Affkohrs, es gebt Leid, denne ihr Name ganz gut zu ihrer Bisznesz baszt, wie for Exámpel der Grundsaujerg, der Blutworschtnatz, der Lahm Hengschtdreiwer usw. too numerous to mention.

For die Present, hab ich mei Meind noch net ufgemacht, ob ich Name tschentscher soll oder net, du kannscht mir emol en Lischt fun scheener Name schicke, du hoscht jo doch nix sunscht zu duh. Ich wár net der Erscht, wo en neier Name adopted het, weil sie ihrer eegener Name net ehrlich dorch die Welt hen schleppe kenne. Wann sich mei Name uf Englisch better aheere deht, so wiszt ich ball, mir zu helfe; awer in meiner Opinion wár Mister Joseph Blockhead, Esq., gor ken Improvement for Joe Klotzkopp. Die Fákt ist, dasz mir der "Klotz" im Weg is, mit dem letschte Part fun meim Name deht ich schun ferdig were.

Die Schulmisz mehnt, dasz ma uf Eitálien mei Name Guiseppo Kaputanio translater kennt. Well, wer mich kennt, wees so wie so, dasz ich schun lang kaput bin. Am Michel seiner Rotznás deht der Name awer doch besser suhter, do sie schun oft gsagt hot, en Dago oder Frensch Name deht doch bessed saunder, wie Florence Isabel Klotzkopp.

Sehscht du, Mr. Glockemann, do hette mir's schun gfickst, um uf ehme Tscheck for $5 oder $10, deht die nei Signatschur gor net so iwel ausgucke, und in Schpeit dafu, dasz ken Mensch den Tscheck áksepte deht. Un nebschtdem hab ich so en Eidie, dasz sogar der Loui mir mit so ehme nei Name, L..n 5 Cent mehner uf die Schleht schreiwe deht. Dir dessehm winschend, bleib ich vorderhand awer immer noch dei alter Freind,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N. B.—Der Gensfettjockel is am Sundag Nomiddag nunner an der Rewer gange, um en Poor scheene Suckers for der Schmalz uf die Chrischdag zu kátsche. Wie er awer an der Saugeen kumme is, hot er gsehne, dasz alle Lecher, die der Handkehsmichel am Samschdag dorchs Eis gehackt ghat hot, zugfrorer worre; dodruf hi is er glei widder heem, do's gege sei rilischus Prinzipels is, Sundags zu schaffe.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

J. K., Esq.

Publish Date: 28 Dec 1914

Reprint Date: 12 Aug 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 28. Dezember, 1914

Mister Glockemann!

Am zwette Chrischdag Owert worre mir bei unserm Michel zum Nachtesse eiglade, un I tell you what, 's wor die Limit. Es hot Krumbieresalat, gschmokte Brodwarscht, Blut- und Lewerwerscht un saure Seifiesz gewe, un mir hen neigepitscht, dasz die Balke juscht so gekracht hen.

Ich hab dir 's letscht Mol geschriewe, dasz am Michel sei Frah, eb sie gheiert war, in ehme eirische Hotel in Durham gschafft hot un sidder sellermols, arg heifaludig Eidies hot. Beim Esse hot sie der Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aeltschte is, immer gsagt, sie sott ihr Esses net alsfad mit em Messer ins Maul schaufler, sie sott dodazu die Gawel juhse.

Jetzt, Mr. Glockemann, denk dir emol so en hernverickter eirischer Humbug ah, fun dem mir zum Glück nix wisse. Mit der Gawel esse! Mit dera verzottlet ma jo alles, un die Hälft fallt ehm uf der Schosz oder uf der Bodda, die Gawel is allreit for der Zucker im Kaffee ufzurihrer, oder Warscht, Fleesch un Grumbiere aus der Schüssel zu lange, awer net for in's Maul zu schtoppe.

Un nebschdem glab ich, dasz en Mann oder Weibsmensch, wo ehrlich for sei Messer un Gawel bezahlt hot, sie juhse kann wie er oder sie will, so lang wie sie ihrem Dischnochbar die Aage net damit rausschtecht.

Noch em Esse hab ich mei Akkordeon aus em Schnubduch gewickelt, en poor rumatick Runs nuf un nunna gemacht, un dann en Chrischdagslied ageschtimmt. Die Kinner hen mit neigetschoint un die Alte hen mitgebrumelt, weil sie die Werter net auswendig gekennt hen. Es war for en Fäkt fascht so schee wie in der Sundagschul. Noch ehra Weil hot der Michel gekochte Cider gholt un 's hot dann ah net arig lang gedauert, bis jedermann so fidel un luschdig war wie en lausige junge Sau.

* * *

Jetzt hot die Mildred gsagt, "Grändpa," hot sie gsagt, "verzehl widder emol so en scheene Reiwergschicht fun sellermols, wo du un die Grändma erscht in der Busch kumma sind."

Ich hab am Afang net recht welle, wie sie awer all druf insist hen, un der Michel mir noch en Dipper voll Cider glangt hot, hab ich gsagt: "Allreid, awer jetzt baszt uf un interrupt mich net:

"Es sin nau about so an die 50 Johr zurück, wie ich un die Grändma erscht in der Busch kumma sin, un drunna im Schwamm, wo jetzt 's Schulhaus schteht, en Blockschänte gebaut hen. Es wor so um die Johrszeit, der Schnee war haushoch, un die Särah hot gsagt: "Joe, du muscht heit noch niwer nach Hanover fahre, for en Boddel Mudderdroppe, Quetscher un Hoorehl zu hole."

Sellermols worre die Bäre un Welf im Busch noch so dick wie heit die Fleh uf ehme Hund im Juli. Ich hab mir awer nix aus dem wilder Vieh gemacht, weil mei alder Gaul, der Pit, der vor zwanzig Johr en Rehsgaul wor un emol bei der Rehses im Schindelschtettel, in Schmierkehs Kaunty unnerdraus, der erscht Preis fun sechs Schilling gwunne ghat hot.

Ich hab der Pit eigschpannt, mei Peif mit Tschahduwak gfillt, der Bettkwilt um die Beeh gwickelt un bin losgschtärt. Ich wor awer noch ken zwee Meil fun der Schänte, wie ich uf emol so en ferchterliches Geheil un Gekläff hinnig mir gheert hab, dasz mir der Angschtschweesz die Backe runner un ins Maul gloffe is. Wie ich mich umdreh, seh ich dann ah so about 735 Welf uf mich zukumme.

* * *

I tell you what, mei Hoor, wo ich sellermols noch ghat hab, sin so schnurschtracks in die Heh gschtanne, dasz die Bendel fun meiner Ohrlappe gebostet sin, un mei Belzkapp in der Schwamm geblose worre is. Der Pit hot ah gwiszt was Trumb is; er hot's Gebisz in die Zeh gnumme, hot hinne un fanne nausgekickt un is dafu gfloge wie der Blitz. Ich hab mich jetzt emol rumgedreht un was ich net ghofft awer inschpeckt hab, is gehäppend. Ich hab gsehne, dasz der Baas-Wolf juscht noch about 20 Yards hinnig meim Schlitte wor.

Do ich gwiszt hab, was jetzt kummt, hab ich mich schtracks in die Schlittebox glegt, un im neckschte Aageblick, is der grosz Wolf ah schun iwig mich nausgfloge, hot sich withig uf der Gaul gschtertzt un inseit fun about ehre halwe Minut 's ganz Hinnerdehl funn meim arme Pit runnergefresse ghat, der vor Angscht un Schmerze jetzt juscht noch schwifter gschprunge is.

Noch ehre kleene Weil hab ich so en Bissel in die Heh geguckt un mit Forcht genotist, dasz der Wolf sich fascht iwer un iwer in der Gaul neigfresse ghat hot. Jetzt hab ich awer gschwind die Wipp gnumme un em Pit geheerig 's Fell vergerbt. Ich sag eich was, es wor dem Wolf im Pit net ehnerleh; er hot en heillose Angscht kriegt un is dir gfegt wie's Gewitter.

* * *

Am Gaul sei Haut is nau in der Schnee gfalle un was denkt ihr, was bassirt wor? Der Wolf is im Geilsgscherr gschtocke un ihr kennt glawe, dasz ich ihm ken lange Zeit zum Denke gewe hab; im Gegedehl, ich hab immer mehner druff gekloppt un so sin mir im Handumdrehe noch Hanover kumme, wo vor em alder Hasejäger seiner Werthschaft en ganze Kraut Baure gschtanne worre, die ah glei die Situaschun ufgseist hen. Sie sin so dapper, wie sie hen kenne, mit Brigel un Fenzrigel kumme, un den Wolf noch so about 10 Minute dohtgschlage ghat.

Do ich so bleech wie en Leich wor, hot der Hasejäger un noch so en halb Dutzend fun der Kraut die Drinks ufgsetzt, un wie ich dann widder so halbwegs bei Verschtand wor, hen mir dem Vieh 's Fell fum Leib gezoge un mir en Belzkapp draus gmacht, schunscht het ich bluttkeppig heemlafe misse.

Ja, Kinner, sell worre annere Zeite wie heitzudags, wo ma for nix Angscht zu hawe braucht, wie for em Taxkollektor, der Hund, Schoofbeck un Skunks."

Die Kinner, un ah die Alde, hen Maul un Aage ufgschperrt. Am Michel sei Krott awer, die Florence Isabel, wo in die Heiskuhl in Allan Park geht un arig gscheit sei will, hot mich juscht so fun der Seit ageguckt un gsagt:

"Grändpa, inschpeckscht du ah emol in der Himmel zu kumme, wann du doht bischt?"

Es winscht dir dessehm un en häppy Nujhier,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, December 28, 1914.

Mister Glockemann:

On Boxing Day we were invited to our son Mike for supper, and I tell you what, that was the limit. There was potato salad, smoked fried sausage, blood sausage, liver sausage and pickled pigs' feet, and we pitched in that the rafters rattled.

I wrote you the last time that Mike's wife, before she was married, had worked in a hotel in Durham, and since then has quite high falutin ideas. At the table she always told our Mildred, who is my Lizzie's eldest daughter, that she should not always shovel her food into her mouth with a knife, that she should use her fork to do that.

Now, Mister Glockemann, just imagine such an insane Irish humbug of which we, fortunately, know nothing. To eat with the fork! With the fork you spill everything about, and half the food falls on your lap or on the floor. The fork is fine to stir the sugar in coffee or to spear sausage, meat and potatoes out of a bowl, but not to push into your mouth with.

And in addition I believe that a man or woman, who has honestly paid for his knife and fork, can use them as he or she wishes, as long as they don't stab out the eyes of their neighbors at the table.

* * *

After dinner I unwrapped my accordion out of the handkerchief, took a couple of chromatic runs on it, and then began a Christmas song. The children joined in, and the old people mumbled along because they didn't know the words by heart. It was in fact almost as lovely as in Sunday school. After a while Mike fetched boiled cider, and it wasn't very long, before everybody was as happy and jolly as a lousy little pig.

Now Mildred said, "Grandpa, tell us once again one of those beautiful cock-and-bull stories out of the times when you and grandma first came into the bush."

At first I wasn't fussy about doing it, but when all of them insisted on it, and when Mike handed me another dipper of cider I said, "All right, but now pay attention and don't interrupt me.

"It is now about 50 years ago when I and grandma first came into the bush, and built a log shanty down in the swamp, where the schoolhouse now stands. It was around this time of year, the snow was high as a house, and Sarah said: "Joe, you must still drive over to Hanover today to fetch a bottle of moth repellent, prunes and hair oil.

"At that time the bears and wolves were still as thick in the woods as nowadays fleas on a dog in July. I paid no attention to the wild animals, because of my old horse, Pete, which had been a race-horse 20 years ago, and had once at the races at Schindelstettel (Victoriaburg) in Cottage Cheese county down yonder won the first prize of six shillings.

* * *

"I hitched up Pete, filled my pipe with chewing tobacco, wrapped a bed quilt around my legs and started off. But I was hardly two miles from the shanty when I suddenly heard such a fearful howling and yelping behind me that the cold sweat ran down my cheeks and into my mouth. When I turned around I saw about 735 wolves coming at me.

"I tell you what that my hair, which I still had at that time, stood so straight in the air that the string of my fur cap broke, and my fur cap was blown into the swamp. Pete also knew what was trump. He took the bit between his teeth, kicked his front and back legs and scooted on like lightning. I now turned around to take a look, and what I had not hoped, but nevertheless expected, was happening. I saw that the lead wolf was only about 20 yards from my sleigh.

"Since I knew what was coming now, I lay down flat in the sleigh box, and in the next moment the big wolf flew over me, and rabidly threw himself on the horse, and inside of about a half minute he had eaten off the whole rear part of my poor Pete, who out of fear and pain now raced faster than ever.

"After a short while I looked up a bit and noticed to my horror that the wolf had almost eaten his way right into the horse. Now, however, I quickly took the whip and gave Pete a good beating. I tell you what that wolf in Pete was in a stew; he got hellish fear and dashed ahead like lightning.

* * *

"The horse's skin now fell into the snow, and can you imagine what happened? The wolf got stuck in the harness, and you may believe me that I gave him little time to meditate. On the contrary I beat him harder and harder and in this way we reached Hanover in no time at all, where a whole crowd of farmers was standing in front of old Hasejaeger's (Rabbit-hunter's) store, who soon sized up the situation. They came as quickly as they could with cudgels and fence-rails, and in about 10 minutes they had finished off the wolf.

"As I was as pale as a ghost, Mr. Hasejaeger and a half dozen others set up the drinks, and when I regained my senses about halfway, we skinned the beast and made a fur cap for me out of it, otherwise I would have had to walk home bareheaded.

"Yes, children, those times were different from today when we need to fear only the tax collector, the dog, the ram and skunks."

The children and the old folks opened mouth and eyes wide.

Mike's ugly wretch, Florence Isabel, who attends the high school in Allan Park and claims to be very smart, just looked at me out of the corner of her eye and said:

"Grandpa, do you expect to get to heaven when you are dead?"

I wish you the same and a Happy New Year,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE ESTATE OF BEVERLY ARCHIBALD GERALD GROSS

All persons having claims against the above-named who died on June 18, 1967, are required to file claims with the undersigned by August 29, 1967.

LOCHEAD, SILLS, OSBORNE, MADORIN & BEAN,
251 King Street West,
Kitchener, Ontario,
Solicitors for the Executrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Creditors and others having claims against the Estate of Harry Francis Lemon, late of the City of Kitchener, in the County of Waterloo, Insurance Salesman, who died on the 6th day of May, 1967, are hereby notified to send particulars of the same to the undersigned Solicitor for the Executor on or before the 19th day of August, 1967, after which date the said estate will be distributed, having regard only to such claims as shall then have been received.

DATED the Twenty-first day of

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Publish Date: 06 Jan 1915

Reprint Date: 19 Aug 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 6. Tschänuary, 1915

Mister Glockemann!

Glabscht du an Geischter? Du brauchscht net so dreckig zu lache; ich hab friher ah net drah geglabt, awer 's gebt im Lewe so viel, an des ma glawe musz, wo ehm am Afang un ah hinnernoch korrios gedunke hot, bis die Fäkts es gepruft hen.

Well, du weescht doch, dasz mir hi un do drunne beim Doni miethe diehn un als en Solo kloppe, un wann die Miething en bissel lang werd, ah als ehns singe, des heeszt, was ma so unnig gute Freind singe heeszt.

Vor en poor Woche hen mir der Bierhowel, wo zu unserm Schtammdisch belange hot, verlohre. Dem hot sei Schwiegermutter 's Lewe so heesz gmacht, dasz er gsagt hot, am annere Blatz kennts ah net heeszer sei un no mätter what, 's kennt for ihn juscht en besseres Jenseits gewe.

Well, mir hen am Philip alle Ehr ageduh, wo er verdient un net verdient hot, un hen dann die Sach for gsettelt diklärt. Aenyhow, mir hen geglabt, dasz sie gesettelt is.

Am Mundag Owert hocke mir widder beim Doni beisamme un hen a nix Beeses gedenkt, bis uf emol die Dehr ufgeht, un wer meenscht is reikumme? Kenn annerer, wie der Bierhowel. Aff kohrs, du lachscht un denkscht, ich het widder emol zu dief ins Glas geguckt ghat, awer du bischt rong. Ich geb dir mei Wart, 's wor der leibhafdig Bierhowel.

* * *

Der Tschannie, der Bärtender, hot fascht die Fits kriegt un hot juscht grufe: "Holie Tschie, am Bierhowel sei Geischt!" un mit ehm Tschumb wor er im Keller, who mir ihn schpeter wie doht zwische zwee leere Schnapsbottler gfunne hen.

Dem Geischt hot des awer nix ausgmacht, un hot wie zu seiner Lewenszeit gsagt: "Geb mir en Glas Hüthers Droppe, awer net so viel Schaam, do ich mich net schefer will."

Der Doni, wo 's fun der Dohte un Lewendige nemme duht, hot ihm en Schoppe Bier glangt un dann gsagt:

"Säh, seit wann bischt du dann widder do?"

Der Geischt, wo sei Glas uf ehn Zug gleert hot, hot juscht gsagt, "seit heit Nomidag!"

Well, hab ich bei mir selwert gedenkt, en Geischt, wo Hüthers Bier drinkt, 's entweder en guter Geischt oder gor ken Geischt un hab dann zum Grundsaujerg, Bohnerkreitelsepp un Blutworschtnatz gsagt: "Dschentelmenner, juscht ken Angscht! Mir sin all geheierte Menner un ferchte uns for kem D . . . Ich sag eich, der Geischt is en Frahd un ganz kammener Fähk, un ich werr's eich prufe."

Dodrufhi hab ich den Geischt drei oder viermol ganz abaddig hard in's Beh gepetzt. Well, wege mir kenne in Futscher so viel Geischter kumme wie Luscht hen, ich pinsch kenne meh. Er hot mir en Kick ins Kreitz un ehns uf die Nas gewe, dasz ich gmehnt hab, ich heer der gemischte Chor fun der "Deitsche Eiche" achtschtimmig singe.

* * *

Wie ich mich aus der Eck ufgepickt hab, is die Diehr ufgange, un der Grundsaujerg un der Lahm Hengschtdreiwer, wo ah zu userm Schtammdisch belange, sin akumme. Wie die der Philip an der Bär gsehne hen, hen sie juscht gsagt: "For Goodnesz Seeks!" un sin dapper widder fad.

Jetzt hot der Geischt bezahlt (der Doni hot dreimol uf des 10 Centschtick gebisse, eb er ihm 5 Cents Change rausgewe hot) un is mit ehme korze, "so lang!" fad. Ich bin ihm nochgschniekt, un was denkscht du, was er geduh hot? Er is schnurschtracks heem. Uff der Drepp hot er die Kids gemieth, die mit ehme Geschrei uff un dafu sin.

Uff des Gebrill, hot am selige Philip sei Schwiegermutter die Dehr uffgmacht, un wie sie der Philip gsehne hot, hot sie agfange zu jammere un heiler, weil sie gmehnt hot, er wott sie jetzt ah hole.

Der Philip hot des awer net gemuft; er is ihr in die Schtub nochgange, wo sie immer noch gjammert un gebettelt hot, er sott sie doch jo net mitnemme.

"Mitnemme?" hot do der Geischt gsagt. "Was fallt dir dann ei? Es is schun schlimm genug, wann ma dich hawe musz, awer freiwillig holt dich net emol der Bees!"

"Ja, was willscht du dann do?" hot die alt Hex ganz verwunnert gfrogt.

* * *

"Was ich will? Well, ich bin an Bisnesz do un hab eich emol besuche welle; awer noch derer Risepschun, will ich glei widder hi, wo ich herkumme bin," un er hot sich rumgedreht un is zum Haus naus.

"Säh, Bierhowel," hab ich jetzt gsagt, "duh mir emol en eenziger Gfalle!"

"Ja, was witt dann?"

"Sag mir, bischt du en Geischt, oder bischt du 's net?"

"En Geischt soll ich sei? Sell hot mir noch niemand nochgsagt. Ich bin der Loui Bierhowel, am Philip sei Zwillingsbruder fun Winnipeg, wo ich en Saluhn runne duh, do 's mei Bisznesskard, wann du emol hikumme sottscht."

Es wor for en Fäkt ken Geischt, sell hab ich gmerkt, wie ich un die annere Owerts um so about ½10 Uhr fum Doni heem sin. Ich hab der ganz neckscht Dag kalte Iwerschleeg uf em Kopp ghot; affkohrs fun wege dem Schrecke.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Ich hab gheert, dasz der Schmalz, wie er vor en Poor Woche in der Neischtadt wor, arig gebräckt hot, dasz er en Hund hot, wo abbadig schmärt is, un der immer wees, wann der Schmalz die Bicks holt, dasz 's uf die Fuchs- oder Grundsaujagd geht, un wann er die Schrotflint runnerlangt, Haase un Fasane gschosse werre sollte. Sell Hundsvieh kann ken Kändel zu meim Dänger halte. Wann ich Summers als uf em Weg bin, for die Fischgert hinnig em Schmokhaus zu hole, schpringt der schun hinnig der Schtall un grabt Werm.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, January 6, 1915

Mister Glockemann!

Do you believe in ghosts? You don't have to laugh so dirty. I didn't believe in them either some years ago, but so many things happen in life which you have to believe and which in the beginning and also later seemed strange, until the facts have proved it.

Well, you know that we meet now and then down at Tony's place to play solo, and when the meeting lasts a bit long also sing a few songs, that is, what one calls singing among good friends.

A few weeks ago we lost Mr. Beerplane, who had belonged to our table round. The poor fellow's mother-in-law made his life so miserable that he said that it couldn't be any more miserable in the other place, and no matter what, there could only be a better beyond for him.

Well, we did Philip the honors which he deserved and some he didn't deserve, and then declared the affair settled. Anyhow we believed that it was settled.

* * *

On Monday evening we were again sitting full of good feeling together at Tony's place, and thought of nothing sinister, when suddenly the door opened, and who do you think came in? None other than Mr. Beerplane. Of course you're laughing and thinking that I had once again been imbibing too much, but you are wrong. I give you my word, it was the genuine Beerplane.

Johnny, the bartender, almost took fits and shouted: "Holy gee, Beerplane's ghost!" and with one jump he was in the basement, where we later found him like dead between two empty whisky bottles.

The ghost didn't care about that and said as he did during his lifetime: "Give me a glass of Huether's drops, but not so much foam, as I do not wish to shave."

Tony, who takes what he can from the living and the dead, handed him a tankard of beer and then said:

"Say, since when are you back again?"

The ghost, which emptied its glass in one draught, answered only, "Since this afternoon!"

* * *

Well, I thought to myself, a ghost which drinks Huether's beer is either a good ghost or no ghost at all, and I then said to Groundhog George, Beanstalk Joe, and Blood-sausage Nat:

"Gentlemen, have no fear! We are all married men and not afraid of any d. . . . I tell you the ghost is a fraud and a quite ordinary fake, and I'll prove it to you."

Thereupon I pinched the ghost three or four times extremely hard in the leg. Well, as far as I am concerned as many ghosts can come as may wish to, but I'll never pinch another one. It gave me a kick into the backside and a crack on the nose that I thought I heard the mixed choir of the Deutsche Eiche (the German Oak) singing in eight parts.

When I gathered myself up out of the corner, the door opened and Groundhog George and the Lame-Stallion Driver, who belong to our table round, arrived. When they saw Philip at the bar, they said only, "For goodness' sakes!" and then quickly left.

Now the ghost paid (Tony bit three times on the dime before he gave him the five cents in change) and left the place with a curt "so long!" I sneaked after him, and what do you think he did? He made a beeline for home. On the steps he met the kids, who with a scream jumped and ran off.

Because of the howling the mother-in-law of the dear departed Philip opened the door, and when she saw Philip she began to lament and scream because she thought he had now come to get her.

But that didn't deter Philip. He went after her into the house, where she still lamented and entreated that he shouldn't take her along.

"Take you along?" the ghost then said. "What's gotten into your head? It's bad enough when a person has to put up with you, but not even the devil would fetch you of his own free will!"

"Well, what do you want here?" the old witch inquisitively asked.

"What do I want? Well, I am here on business and I just wanted to visit you; but after this reception I want to go back right away where I came from" and he turned around and left the house.

* * *

"Say Beerplane," I now said, "please do me a simple favor!"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Tell me, are you a ghost or not?"

"I'm supposed to be a ghost? Nobody has ever said that of me before. I am Louis Beerplane, Philip's twin brother from Winnipeg, where I run a saloon. Here is my business card if you should ever go there."

He was in fact no ghost; I was convinced of that when I and the others went home from Tony's place about half past nine in the evening. I had cold compresses on my head the whole next day — of course on account of the scare I got.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—I heard that Mr. Schmalz, when he was in Neustadt a few weeks ago, bragged that he had a dog that was particularly smart, and which always knows that when Mr. Schmalz gets his musket, that they are going to hunt fox and groundhogs. When, however, he gets down the shotgun, that rabbits and pheasants are to be shot. That dog can't hold a candle to my Danger. When in summer I am on the way to fetch my fishing rod behind the smokehouse, he immediately runs behind the barn and digs worms.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

Publish Date: 18 Jan 1915

Reprint Date: 26 Aug 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 18. Tschänuary 1915

Mister Glockemann!

Hot es dich ebmols schun geschtreikt, dasz zwische am Lewe un am Dohd juscht en Katzeschprung is? Vielleicht net, un deswege will ich dir heit emol en ernschtrafte Karreschpondenz schreiwer: Geschter Morge bin ich noch der Neischtadt, um en Peintkiwele voll Gäsolin for mei schteif Gnick un Rhumadis zu hole, do ich schun oftmols gheert hab, dasz seller Schtoft abbadig gut for Rhumadis sei soll. Well, ich will's emol browire; es macht die Audomobils geh un wann sell der Kehs mit denne Schtinkkäschte is, sott 's ah ebel sei, schteife un verkrippelte Mensche un Weibsleid, wo fun der Kamplehnt suffere, widder geh mache.

• • •

Aenyhow, um en lange Schtori korz zu mache, wie ich am Grundsaujerg seiner Bauerei vorbei bin, hot sei Drittklenschter, der Killian, uf em Gethposchter an der Lehn ghockt, un so bitterlich gheilt, dasz ich schteh gebliwe bin un gfrogt hab, was zum Bettel dann eegentlich widder los wär.

"O, Unkel Joe," hot er gsagt, "es is for about en Schtund en nei Baby drowe im Haus akumme un der Däd is nuf noch Hanover gfahre un wees ken Wart fun der ganze Bisnesz." Dodruff hot er widder agfange, so ferchterlich zu briller, als ob ihm 's Herz im Bauch het breche welle.

"Well," hab ich gsagt, "Killian, deswege brauchscht du doch net so zu jammere; der Däd kummt ball heem, un denk dir juscht, wie gebliest er dann sei werd."

Dodrufhi hot der klee Keip ufgheert zu heiler, hot mich mit seiner groszer rothgriner Aage juscht fun der Seit ageguckt un gsagt: "Unkel Joe, du verschtehscht mich net, wann der Alt als fun Hanover heem kummt, krieg ich immer der Buckel gegerbt, do ich for alles geblehmt wär, was daheem bassirt, wann er fad is!"

• • •

Wie ich dann mei Kessele in's Hüthers Brauerei — nee, Abodek hab ich sage welle, gfillt kriegt hab, bin ich zum Loui nunner, um en heesze Tschinn zu drinke, do ich nachts immer noch fum Bierhowel seim Geischt drahme duh. An der Bär hot der Blutworschtnatz gschtanna. Er hot sei Sundagskleeder aghat, was mich abaddig kurios gedunke hot, do er die juscht azieht, wann er im Herbscht an die Viehschoh in Ayton geht, oder wann en Leicht in der Nochborschaft is. Wie er mich gsehne hot, hot er sei bloh Schnubduch aus seim hinnere Rocksack gepullt un hundsjämmerlich agfange zu jammere.

"Joe," hot er gsagt, "mei deiheres Ehegeschponst, die Maikeffergret, is heit Morge ah zu meiner annere drei Weiwer in en besseres Kleimeth heemgrufe worre, un ich inweit dich widder emol, for ehns fun der Pahlbeerers zu sei."

Affkohrs, was hab ich duh welle, es is mir nix annerscht iwrig gebliwe, als die Invieteschun zu eksepte. Awer, Mister Glockemann, alles was recht is, des kann ich net leide. Wie am Natz sei erschte Frah gschtorwe is, wor ich Pahlbeerer; wie sie zweete gschtorwe is, hab ich ah gholfe, sie uf der Kerchhof zu schleppe; wie dann die dritte, die Bierheeflisbeth, zu ihrem Lohn eigegäthert worre is, wor ich ah dabei, un jetzt, wo die Maikeffergret abgschowe is, soll ich widder helfe sie zu vergrawe. Well, um dir die ehrlich Worret zu sage, ich gleich net alsfad, Johr ei, Johr aus, Fävors azunemme un kenn Tschänz zu hawe, for sie zu ritorner.

• • •

Der Doht fun der Maikeffergret is mir so in der Leib gfahre, dasz ich mich, wie der Blutworschtnatz fad is, um die Dohterlad zu kaafe, hinnig der Offe ghockt un driwer nochgedenkt hab, dasz so ebbes ähnliches vielleicht ah mir emol häppene kennt. Iwer dem kummt der Lahmhengschtdreiwer in die Bärschtub. Er hot sei Hensching ausgezoge, die Fiesz abgschtampt un sich gewärmt. Wie er mich gsehne hot, hot er mir die Hand glangt un gsagt: "Kumm Joe, ich geb ehns for dich aus, do ich net gleich alleenig zu drinke!" "Nee, Hengschtdreiwer," hab ich gantwort, "ich hab mir's for ehre halwer Schtund abgewehnt, so frieh am Morge Liquor die Gorgel nunnerzujage." "For Goodnesz Sehks!" hot er dodruf gmehnt, "des is 's erscht Mol in meim Lewe, dasz ich wees, dasz du en Drink rifuhst hoscht. Un do schwetzt du immer, dasz mir unser Deitschduhm hoch halte sollte. Du jammerscht alsfad iwer der Unnergang fun der deitsche Gemiethlichkeit, un fum Verfall der deitscher Güter! Losz dich heemgeige, du Temperenzler, du Wassersimple, du Muckler, du . . ."

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag am Schmalz, dasz die Särah bees iwer mich is. Des is so gehäppend: Ich hab schun der ganz Winter doher nachts an kalte Fiesz gsuffert un alles was ich gejuhst hab, Kamillerthee, hees Wasser mit Salz un Esch drin, ettzettera, wor for die Katz, bis ich am Sundag Owert mit der Schtiffel ah ins Bett bin un sidder dann sin mei Fiesz jetzt alsfad so warm wie Zwiwelpoi. Die Särah awer kickt wie en Schtier un sagt, dasz ich mit meiner schmieriger, schtinkige Schtiffel die ganze Bettdicher versau, un schloft jetzt nimme bei mir.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, January 18, 1915

Mister Glockemann:

Has it ever struck you that the distance between life and death is but a stone's throw? Perhaps it hasn't, and for that reason I am going to write you a serious letter today for a change.

Yesterday morning I went to Neustadt to get a pint pail of gasoline for my stiff neck and my rheumatism, as I have already often heard that that stuff is supposed to be particularly good for rheumatism.

Well, I want to give it a try. It makes automobiles go, and if that is the case with those stink-boxes, it should be able to make stiff and crippled-up people and womenfolk, who suffer from that complaint, go again.

Anyhow, to make a long story short, as I drove past Groundhog George's farm, I saw his third smallest son, Killian, sitting on the gatepost at the lane and crying so bitterly that I stopped and asked him what in thunderation was up again.

"Oh, Uncle Joe," he said, "about an hour ago a new baby arrived up at the house, and my dad drove over to Hanover and doesn't know a word about the whole business." At that he began to cry again so bitterly as if his heart in his stomach would break.

• • •

"Well," I said, "Killian, you don't have to lament like that. Your dad will soon be home, and just imagine how pleased he will then be."

Thereupon the little rascal stopped crying, looked at me with his big red-green eyes sideways and said:

"Uncle Joe, you don't understand me. When the old man comes home from Hanover I always get my backside strapped, for I am always blamed for everything that happens at home when he is away!"

When I then had my jug filled at Huether's Brewery — no, I wanted to say, at the drug store — I went down to Louis' hotel to drink a hot gin, since I still keep on dreaming at nights of Beerplane's face. Blood-sausage Nat was standing at the bar. He was dressed in his Sunday suit, which I thought particularly suspicious, because he only wears it when he goes to the livestock show in Ayton in the fall or when there is a funeral in the neighborhood.

When he saw me, he pulled his blue handkerchief from his back coat pocket, and began to lament in a most heart-breaking fashion.

• • •

"Joe," he said, "My dear marriage partner, Margaret Maybug, has been called home to my three other wives into a better climate, and I must invite you again to be one of the pallbearers."

Of course, what was I to do; nothing else remained for me but to accept the invitation. But, Mr. Glockemann, to tell the truth, I can't stand it. When Nat's first wife died, I was a pallbearer; when his second one died, I too helped to drag her out to the cemetery; then when the third one, Lizzy Beeryeast, was gathered in to her reward, I also assisted, and now, when Margaret Maybug has pushed off, I am again supposed to help with a burial.

Well, to tell the honest truth, I don't like to accept favors year in, year out, without having an opportunity to return them.

The death of Margaret Maybug depressed me so that I sat down behind the stove after Blood-sausage Nat had gone to buy the coffin and reflected on the fact whether such a thing could perhaps happen to me sometime too. In the meantime the Lame-Stallion-Driver came into the bar-room. He took off his mitts, stamped his feet on the floor to knock the snow off and warmed himself.

• • •

When he saw me he held out his hand and said: "Come, Joe, I'll buy you one, for I don't like to drink alone!"

"No, Stallion-Driver," I answered, "I've given up the habit a half an hour ago of guzzling so early in the morning."

"For goodness' sake!" he said in reply, "this is the first time in my life that I can remember you refusing a drink. And you always encourage us to hold our German custom high. You lament ceaselessly about the decline of German congeniality, and the decay of the German heritage. Let me fiddle you home, you temperance crank, you water simpleton, you hypocrite, you . . ."

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz that Sarah is angry at me. It happened this way: I have been suffering all winter from cold feet, and everything that I used, camomile tea, hot water with salt and ashes in it, etc., was all of no value, until I went to bed with my boots on on Sunday evening. Since then my feet have been as warm an onion pie.

But Sarah kicks like a steer and says that I am messing up all the bedding with my messy, stinky boots and doesn't sleep with me any longer.

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

Publish Date: 18 Jan 1915

Reprint Date: 07 Nov 1925

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Brief von Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Neischtadt, 18. Tschänuary 1915.
Mister Glockemann!

Hot es dich ebmohls schun geschtreikt, dasz zwische am Lewe un am Dohd juscht en Katzeschprung is? Vielleicht net, un deswege will ich dir heit emol en ernschthafte Korreschpondenz schreiwer: Geschter Morge bin ich noch der Neischtadt, um en Peintkiwele voll Gäsolin for mei schteif Gnick un Rhumadis zu hole, do ich schun oftmols gheert hab, dasz seller Schtoft abaddig gut for Rhumadis sei soll. Well, ich will's emol browire; es macht die Audomobils geh un wann sell der Kehs mit denne Schtinkkäschte is, sott 's ah ebel sei, schteife un verkrippelte Mensche un Weibsleid, wo fun der Kamplehnt suffere, widder geh mache.

Aenyhow, um en lange Schtori korz zu mache, wie ich am Grundsaujerg seiner Bauerei vorbei bin, hot sei Drittklenschter, der Killian, uf em Gethposchter an der Lehn ghockt, un so bitterlich gheilt, dasz ich schteh gebliwe bin un gfrogt hab, was zum Bettel dann eegentlich widder los wär.

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Wie ich dann mei Kessele in's Hüthers Brauerei, — nee, Abodek hab ich sage welle, gfillt kriegt hab, bin ich zum Loui nunner, um en heesze Tschinn zu drinke, do ich nachts immer noch fum Bierhowel seim Geischt drahme duh. An der Bär hot der Blutworschtnatz geschtanne. Er hot sei Sundagskleeder aghat, was mich abaddig kurios gedunke hot, do er die juscht azieht, wann er im Herbscht an die Viehschoh in Ayton geht, oder wann en Leicht in der Nochborschaft is. Wie er mich gsehne hot, hot er sei bloh Schnubduch aus seim hinnerer Rocksack gepullt un hundsjämmerlich agefange zu jammere.

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Der Doht fun der Maikeffergret is mir so in der Leib gfahre, dasz ich mich, wie der Blutworschtnatz fad is, um die Dohterlad zu kaafe, hinnig der Offe ghockt un driwer nochgedenkt hab, dasz so ebbes ähnliches vielleicht ah mir emol häppene kennt. Iwer dem kummt der Lahmhengschtdreiwer in die Bärschtub. Er hot sei Hensching ausgezoge, die Fiesz abgeschtampt, un sich gewärmt. Wie er mich gsehne hot, hot er mir die Hand glangt un gsagt: "Kumm Joe, ich geb ehns for dich aus, do ich net gleich alleenig zu drinke!" "Nee, Hengschtdreiwer", hab ich gantwort, "ich hab mir's for ehre halwer Schtund abgewehnt, so frie! am Morge Liquor die Gorgel nunnerzujage." "For Goodnesz Sehks!" hot er dodruf gmehnt, "des is 's erscht Mol in meim Lewe, dasz ich wees, dasz du en Drink rifuhst hoscht. Un do schwetzt du immer, dasz mir unser Deitschduhm hoch halte sotte. Du jammerscht alsfad iwer der Unnergang fun der deitsche Gemiethlichkeit, un fum Verfall der deitscher Güter! Losz dich heemgeige, du Temperenzler, du Wassersimpel, du Mucker, du . . . . ."

Es winscht dir dessehm,
J. K., Esq.

N.B.—Sag am Schmalz, dasz die Sârah bees iwer mich is. Des is so gehäppend: Ich hab schun der ganz Winter doher nachts an kalte Fiesz gsuffert un alles was ich gjuhst hab, Kamillerthee, hees Wasser mit Salz un Esch drin, ettzettera, wor for die Katz, bis ich am Sundag Owert mit der Schtiffel ah ins Bett bin und sidder dann sin mei Fiesz jetzt alsfad so warm wie Zwiwelpoi. Die Sârah awer kickt wie en Schtier un sagt, dasz ich mit meiner schmieriger, schtinkige Schtiffel die ganze Bettdicher versau, un schloft jetzt nimme bei mir.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
J. K., Esq.

Publish Date: 02 Feb 1915

Reprint Date: 02 Sept 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*


RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 2. Februäry 1915

Mister Glockemann!

Die Cirkulading Library, die mir do in der Seckschun gschtärt hen, macht ordlig guter Brogresz. Mir hen jetzt im Ganze so about 16 Bücher, die die Schulmisz frih gratis an die Nochbare nauslehner duht. Letscht Woch hen mir widder 3 neie Volums for en Present krigt, nehmle: En Voters Lischt fum Township Bentinck for's Johr 1882, en Kapie fun der letscht-jähriger Prosiedings fun der Grey County Council, un en Pronouncing Dickschonäry.

Die Särah leest alleweil 's Dickschonäry un is schun about halwer ferdig damit. Sie meent, 's wer arig interesting, awer sie deht doch gleicher, en anner Schtoribuch zu lese, do die Sobtscheckts so abaddig schwift tschentscher diehn.

• • •

Mir hen 10 englische un 6 deitsche Bücher. Der Badder awer is dasz die Leit die Bücher net ritourner diehn, wann sie ferdig damit sin.

Fun der deitsche Bücher fehler alleweil: "Der Schinnerhannes," "Der Eilenschpiegel," "Der Schwaneritter", un der "Haus- Geils- un Viehdokter." Wann die Bücher net bis zum 1. Mai zurückgebrunger werra, duhne mir die Name fun der delinquent Sobskreibers in der Neischtadter Poschtoffis uffbabbe, un nemma die Lah in unser Hand.

Wann der Dickworzelnick wees, was gut for ihn is, bringt er der "Schinnerhannes" zurück, weil ich ah gleiche deht, ihn zu lese.

Neiigkeete sin alleweil arig rar, un kansequentle will ich juscht en paar lokal Eitems menschener:

Am Bohnerkreitelsepp is letscht Woch en Schtier verreckt. Er, ich mehn der Sepp un net der Schtier, hot ah en Gschwer im Gnick un er mehnt, dasz en Unglick niemols alleenig kummt. Er inschpeckt, dasz des Gschwer widder besser werd. Der Schtier awer is gahn forever un sell baddert ihn mehner wie sei Gschwer im Gnick.

• • •

Die Grumbierepannerkuchelisz hot ihrem Mann, em Philip, der anner Dag en gute Trick gschpielt: Der Philip hot schun an ganze Zeit doher jede Morge gschimpft, dasz der Kaffee zu kalt wär. Well, der Lisz is die immerfadige Rägtschuerei langweilig worra un sie hot am Dienschdag Morge en Theeleffelvoll rother Peffer in sei Kopple gaduh, uhne dasz 's der Philip genotist hot.

Well, der Philip is dann der ganz Dag im Hof rumgloffe un hot noch kalter Luft gschnappt, iwer kalte Kaffee hot er awer sidder nix meh gsagt.

Geschter Nomidag, wie ich fun der Neischtadt heem kumma bin, war die Misses Murphy bei uns uf Besuch. Sie is en Sekundkousin fun der Särah un fun guter Familie, do ihrer Vatter friher als ah, grad wie mei seliger Schwiegervatter, am Rigelweg gschafft hot.

Die Murphysin hot kerzlich widder geheiert un ihre neier Ehekrippel bis in der Himmel ghowe; an ihrem erschter Mann, am Meik, awer hot sie keen gut Hoor gloszt. Sie hot ihn en Faulbelz gheesze, un ihn dorch die Hechel gezoge, dasz es juscht so en Ort ghat hot.

• • •

"Särah," hot sie gsagt, "du hoscht gar ken Eidie wie faul der Meik wor un wie er die Erwert gscheit hot. Du weescht doch noch seller kalt un schtermisch Dag, wo mir 's erscht Johr ghat hen, wie mir in die Neischtadt gmuft sin? Well, der Meik war zu faul for der Schnee fum Seitweg zu schaufler. Er hot sich vonner in der Sittingruhm verschteckelt un am Boby die Ohre so lang gepetzt, bis die Nochbare haufewees zu schpringe kumme sin, for auszufinne was dem arme Ding fehlt, un sie dodobei der Schnee vor em Haus runnergedrampelt hen.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sag em Schmalz, dasz mei Kalt noch net viel besser is. Es is awer mei eegene Schuld; ich hab mir am Neujohr der Hals gwescher, was ich bei dem kalte Wetter net het duh solle.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, February 2, 1915

Mister Glockemann:

The circulating library, which we have started here in the section, is making really good progress. We have now in all about 10 books, which the schoolmarm loans free gratis to the neighbors. Last week we again got three volumes as a present, namely: a voters' list of Bentinck Township for the year 1882, a copy of the proceedings of the Grey County Council for last year, and a pronouncing dictionary.

Sarah is just now reading the dictionary, and is already about half-way through. She thinks it would be quite interesting, but she would certainly like to read another story book, since in the dictionary the subjects change so frightfully fast.

We have 10 English and six German books. The trouble, however, is that the people don't return the books when they are finished with them.

Of the German books the following are missing at the moment: Der Schinnerhannes (a penny-dreadful story), Der Eulenspiegel (chap-book around 1500), Der Schawenritter (Knight of the Swan the story of Lohengrin), and the Haus-, Geils. und Viehdoktor (Family, Horse and Cattle Health Guide).

• • •

If Turnip-Nick knows what's good for him he will return the Schinnerhannes because I would like to read it.

News is at the moment quite scarce, consequently I am just going to mention a couple of local items:

Last week one of Beanstalk Joe's steers kicked the bucket. He, I mean Joe and not the steer, also has a boil on his neck, and he says that misfortune never comes singly. He expects the boil to get better again. But the steer is gone forever, and that worries him more than the boil on his neck.

Lizzie Potato-Pancake played a good trick on her husband, Philip, the other day. Philip has been scolding for quite a long while because the coffee was not hot in the morning. Well, Liz got bored at the perpetual rag-chewing, so on Tuesday morning she put a teaspoon of red pepper in his cup, without Philip having noticed it.

Well, Philip then walked around all day in the yard and gasped for cold air, but he hasn't said a word about cold coffee since then.

Yesterday afternoon when I came home from Neustadt, Mrs. Murphy was paying us a visit. She is a second cousin of Sarah's and of a good family, because her father, just as my departed father-in-law, used to work for the railway.

• • •

Mr. Murphy has recently gotten married again and exalted her new partner in misery up to the sky; her first husband, Mike, however, she reduced to the lowest notch possible. She called him a sluggard and pulled him over the coals with all her might.

"Sarah," she said, "you have no idea how lazy Mike was and how he shied away from work. You may surely remember that cold and stormy day which we had the first year that we moved to Neustadt. Well, Mike was too lazy to shovel the snow off the sidewalk. He hid in the front sitting room, and pinched the baby's ears so long until the neighbors came running up in droves to find out what was the matter with the poor thing, and in that way they tramped down the snow in front of our house."

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Tell Mr. Schmalz that my cold hasn't improved much. But that's my own fault. I washed my neck on New Year's Day, which I shouldn't have done in this cold weather.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

TRAVEL PROGRAM

Quebec Teens Rave

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.


KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humerists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 5. April 1915

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich in der "Glocke" seh, is der schrecklich Krieg immer noch im Gang. Wann ich als so driwer nochdenk, musz ich mich for en Fäkt als verwunnere, dasz net mehner fun unsere junge Buwe die Ränks tschoiner, um in Jurop zu fechter. Gebts dann ebbes scheeneres uf dere Welt, als sich for the Kings un Emperors dohtschiesze zu losse, oder nochher, noch am Krieg, uhne Arm un Beh, awer mit ehme silweriger Medall uf der Bruscht, rumzudabber?

Yes serrie, mir sotten fechte for Liberty un Freiheit, un wo gebt's en Land uf der Welt, wo 's mehner Freiheit gebt wie grad bei uns? Mir hen die Liberty for hinzugeh wo mir welle, wann mir juscht do sin, wann sie uns brauche for die Taxes zu bezahler, un selle verschpreche in Futscher en bissel adlich hoch zu werre.

• • •

Du dehtscht 's net glawe, Mr. Glockemann, dasz ich ah emol en Soldscher wor, un for mei Kountrie geblut, aber doch mehner gschwitzt hab. Ich wor der eenzig Deitsch in unserer Kumbanie un wie der Feind uf uns zukumme is, hot der Käptain juscht gfrogt, is der Dutsch Joe do?

Un wie der Korporal geänsert hot: "Yes, Your Mäjesty!" hot der Käptain gsagt, "Well, jetzt sin mir seef, let the Battle begin." Well, was nochher gehäppend is, will ich dir en anner Mol verzehler, schunscht denke dei Leser vielleicht, dasz ich juscht bräcke un ufschneide duh.

Wie ich kerzlich in der Zeiding glese hab, is es pässibel, dasz mir im neckschte Summer en Elekschun kriege. For was, wees ich net. Fun ere neie Plätform hab ich noch nix gheert, un sell scheint ah nix auszumache, wann ma juscht sunscht gsund is.

Ich hab en poor neier Idies for die Farmers ausgediftelt, un ich bin schur, dasz sie uhne Zweifel die Konsent fun alle Baurer kriege, un ergends en Kändidat, der sie ufnemme duht, kann sicher sei, dasz er geleckt werd. Mei Platform is so simpel wie A B C, un jedes Kind kann sie verschteh, nehmle:

• • •

1. En gärantirte Ernt fun jedem Acker, der eigeseet werd. Kummt der Krap net uf zu der Expekteschun, so hot des Government den Differenz zu bezahler.

2. Gärantirtes druckenes Wetter by der Ernt.

3. En Gäräntie, dasz net mehner wie 10 Dag drucke Wetter is.

4. En Royal Kommischun, um auszufinne, was for annere Lahs noch gepäszt werre kennte, um 's Lewe for der Farmer, sei Frah un Kinner, mehner agreeabel zu mache.

5. Ehn (1) ganzer Dag in der Woch Ruh for der Farmer un sei Frah, un en halwer Halledeh an jedem Samschdag.

6. Inschurenz of alles Vieh, exsept Pohhinkel un Katze.

7. Piktscher Shows zwee Mol die Woch in jeder Schul Sektion.

8. En gäräntirter Preis for alles, was uf der Farm gereest werd.

9. En 8 Schtund langer Dag for die Baurer-Weiwer. Sotts nethig sei, so hot des Government extra Hilf zu furnischer.

Ich bin schur, wann der Weichel die Plätform adopter duht, werd er mit ehre Mätschority geleckt, die 14 Dag nemmt zu zehler.

Ich musz dir doch en guter Schpasz verzehler, der mir kerzlich basirt is. Am letschter Freidag Nomidag bin ich in's Schtettel, um mir noch dem lange un kalte Winter widder emol die Hoor schneide un der Bart abscheefer zu losse.

• • •

Well sir, wie der Barber der Bart abgschnitte ghat hot, hot er mei alte Klehpeif drin gfunne, die ich sidder letscht Herbscht, wo mir beim Grundsaujerg gedrosche hen, gemiszt hab. Wie ich dann Owerts heemkumme bin, wor 's schun en Bissel duschber und die Särah hot ah die Deehr gschlosse ghat, do sie so arig Angscht for Trämps hot.

Ich hab geklobbt, awer sie hot net ufgemacht. Ich hab ihr gsagt, wer ich bin, awer sie hot's net glawe welle, dasz der scheeguckig Mann (sell wor mich), wo vor der Deehr gschtanne hot, ihr Ehegeschponst wär. Erscht wie unser Hund, der Danger zu schpringe kumme is, un mir die Hand geleckt hot, is sie en bissel suspischus worre.

Sie wor awer immer noch net ganz schur, bis ich sie mei Worz im Gnick hab fiehle losse, wo ich als ebmols Sundags for en Kallerbotten juhse duh.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, April 5, 1915

Mister Glockemann:

As I notice in the Glocke the terrible war has not yet come to a stop. When I reflect on it I am in fact amazed that not more of our younger fellows join the ranks to fight in Europe. Is there anything more beautiful in this world than to have yourself shot to death for the kings and emperors, or afterwards, when the war is over, to hobble around without an arm or leg, but with a silver medal on your chest?

Yes siree, we should fight for liberty and freedom, and where is there a country in the world where there is more freedom than in this one. We have the liberty to go where we wish, if we are just there when they need us to pay the taxes, and those promise to become a bit awfully high in the future.

You wouldn't believe, Mister Glockemann, that I too was once a soldier and bled for my country, or rather sweated more for it. I was the only German in our company, and when the enemy bore down on us, the captain asked, whether Dutch Joe was there?

And when the corporal answered: "Yes, Your Majesty!" the captain said, "Well, now we are safe, let the battle begin."

Well, what happened afterwards I will relate another time, otherwise the readers may think that I am just bragging and boasting.

• • •

As I noticed recently in the paper it is possible that we'll have an election next summer. Why, I don't know. I haven't heard anything about a new platform, and that doesn't seem to be important, if one is only healthy otherwise.

I have conjured up a couple of ideas for the farmers, and I am sure that they will get the support of all the farmers, and any candidate that will accept them may be sure to be elected. My platform is as simple as A, B, C and every child can understand it, namely:

1. A guaranteed harvest from every acre that is planted. If the crop does not come up to expectation, the government has to pay the difference.

2. Guaranteed dry weather during the harvest.

3. A guarantee that the weather is not dry for more than 10 days.

4. A royal commission to investigate what other laws could still be passed to make life more agreeable for the farmer, his wife and children.

5. One (1) whole day rest for the farmer per week, and a half-holiday on every Saturday.

6. Insurance on all cattle, except peahens and cats.

7. Picture shows twice a week in every school section.

8. A guaranteed price for everything that is raised on the farm.

9. An eight-hour day for farmer's wives. If it should be necessary, the government must furnish extra help.

• • •

I am sure that if Mr. Weichel adopts my platform, he will be elected by a majority which will take two weeks to count.

I must certainly tell you a good joke which lately happened to me. Last Friday I went to town to have my hair cut and my beard shaved off again after the long and cold winter.

Well sir, when the barber had cut my beard he found my old clay pipe in it, which I had missed since last fall when we were threshing at Ground-hog George's place. When I was coming home at night, it was already getting a little dark, and Sarah also had the door locked, because she is quite scared of tramps.

I knocked on the door, but she didn't open it. I told her who I was, but she didn't want to believe that the handsome man (that was I), who was standing in front of the door, was her husband. Only when our dog, Danger, came running up and licked my hand, did she become a bit suspicious.

But she still wasn't completely certain, until I let her feel the wart on my neck, which I always use on Sunday for a collar button.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

This is the last of the Joe Klotzkopp letters.

In response to many requests, the entire series will be reprinted and made available later this month.

If you wish to have a copy, in both English and the original Pennsylvania German, send your request, plus 10 cents for mailing, to Joe Klotzkopp, The Record, 30 Queen St. N., Kitchener.